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THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE



A College Anthology
for 1917-18





Poets

NB.

The Poets of the Future



The Poets of the Future

—
A College Anthology
for 1917-1918
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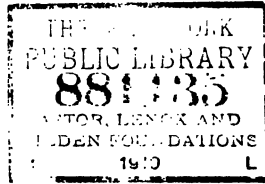
Edited by
HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, PH. D.



THE STRATFORD CO., Publishers
BOSTON :: MASSACHUSETTS

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The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass.

NOV 1918
JUL 1919
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To
The Singers of the Songs of Youth
This Collection is Dedicated
by the Editor



34219 Feb

Foreword

OUR thanks are due to the students and professors of the American colleges, as well as to the editors of the college magazines, who through their kind cooperation have made possible this year's collection of the best college poems, as well as the collections of other years.

Introduction

I HAVE just received word that Corporal Francis F. Hogan, whose poem "Fulfilled" is included in this year's College Anthology, was killed in the Meuse Battle. This brings home to us most poignantly the hideousness and the glory of war, and it also explains why the poetry produced throughout the world during the war has not been up to the standard of the poetry of other years. For the most inspired poets, those most passionately aflame with the lyric fire of self-expression, have translated their creative urge into action, and in laying down their lives have produced the greatest of all poems. Others, equally unselfish and equally sincere, but seeing the light from a different angle, have preferred the prison cell to the battlefield for their opposition to war. (Of course, I am not speaking here of those who have worked themselves and other people into the belief that they were "conscientious objectors", but who in reality objected only to the danger confronting their own persons.) Still other poets, less sincere and less courageous, have deemed it expedient to say nothing because they feared to say what they believed. As

INTRODUCTION

a result, poetry has been at a low ebb during the war. The two classes of poets from whom we might have expected great works, the fighters and the true objectors, were too busy *making* poetry to *write* it; the third class, the timid, refrained from writing anything at all except trifling insipidities.

Poetry, therefore, has suffered a relapse during the war. If, however, we realize the aims for which this country has entered the war and for which men like Francis F. Hogan have laid down their lives, then the loss for poetry will have proved an incalculable gain. For poetry is emotion, either remembered or anticipated, just as all literature is an expression of the human longing for something greater, something more beautiful than the present. In proportion as we get nearer to the ideal for which we aim, literature becomes less necessary. I can conceive of a stage of human development where literature would be useless, since the sheer joy of living would be more intense than the mental conception of the greatest artist. The lyric poem which a mother experiences at the first word that falls from her baby's lips is greater than any poem that has ever been committed to writing. So, too, the poem of a human life lived in a community which has attained its aims, is far greater than any written poem. That such a life may be possible for all people, the true poets, the

INTRODUCTION

“makers” of the world’s happiness, have just dedicated their own lives. If the poetry that they have created with their pens has suffered and is therefore doomed to earlier oblivion because of their acts, the poetry that they have created with their lives is all the more imperishable. This volume of *“The Poets of the Future”*, for some of whom the fates of the battlefield have decreed that there shall be no future, is the most significant of all the college anthologies, because the poems in this volume were written at that point of the world’s history when their very authors were in the act of tearing into shreds the false poem of Autocracy and creating in its place the song of the Democracy of the World.

THE EDITOR.

November, 1918.



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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

A Poet

FROM the hidden depths of a poet's soul,
There's a stream that pours afar,
The spilling drops of a golden bowl,
The liquid dreams of a star.

KATHRYN WORTH,
Converse College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An Overture

DAMP earth, and rushing stream, and wind-
blown sky,
And ivy-covered, grayish, lonely wall.
Dull March doth stalk about with rustling sigh,
And dark, cold shadows wrap and cover all.

One note alone the all-still dulness breaks,
And with that note the blackbird droops a
wing;
But Nature a faint prelude of it makes,
To that warm song which April soon will sing.

MARIAN HOGG,
Wilson College.

Spring Witchery

WHEN laughter flickers through Shadow-
land,
And the scornful winds are far,
Close to the mirror of moons we stand
In the wake of a sudden star.
And the joy that is white to the tips of the skies,
And the joy that is green where the glimmer
grass lies
Has painted itself in the look of our eyes,
We wonder, but have no fear.

When dew-drones trickle through Flowerland,
And the waking worlds are strong,
Purled to the patter of leaves we stand,
While the earth throbs rich with song.
And the joy that is red in the fingers of trees
And the joy that is gold in the burgeoning
breeze
Has colored our voices to tenderest keys, —
For Love, and the Spring are here.

SARAH LOUISE GROSE,
Vassar College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

April Night

THE moon is like a curled white leaf, adrift
Across a foam-starred edge of sapphire
sea,
And from the sod dark reverent pines uplift
Husht branches to the night's far mystery.
How still Life lies—save for that undernote
Of stifling sweetness breathed from hill and
glen,
As if the wind's light kiss on April's throat
Wakened the world to ecstasy again.

Mist-silvered campus of a million dreams!
Fair as a phantasy of peace you lie,
Your towers aglow with jeweled light that
gleams
Steadfast as hope beneath the silent sky,
And your slow river ripples where it slips
Among the rambling roots along the shore,
Like laughter lilting over childish lips,
Beneath the magic spell of fairy lore.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

A spirit blest, invisible, pervades
The garden's slumber and the fountain's fall;
It glistens in the dew along the glades
And wanders with the wood-bine on the wall;
It sweeps the eyelids of the world's deep sleep
Caressing war-worn brows of wandering men,
Whose hearts, drenched in the tears of Memory, leap
To meet the dream of your calm breast again.

Mist-silvered campus of a million dreams!
The white lure of your paths leads far tonight,
And safe across the sea your calm light gleams
Even where men kill men, and God's own sight
Grows weary in the waste of human blood,
And the soft shadow of your towers palls
The ghastly face of Death above the flood
Of battle, when hearts cease and darkness falls.

KATHERINE AGNES HUME
Michigan Agricultural College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Le Printemps

PINDARIC ODE

I

THOU boisterous, free limbed lad with rough
tossed hair,
Wild son of the fierce winter!—in the flare
Of howling blast you run
Leaping and shrieking in mad hearted fun,
Or whirling through the air,
Pelting the flashing glare
Of stinging ice flakes from the piercing gale,
Screaming with laughter at the hard white
hail
I see you come!

II

Down through hoarse creaking boughs in swift
pursuit
Of a white ice bird suddenly you shoot;
In turbulent drollery
Mock the gray rise of the fierce howling sea!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

But hark!—a fairy lute
Makes earth a moment mute,
Silenced and awed,—ere on the rocky shore
You shriek defiance to the breakers' roar
In frenzied glee!

III

Again there sounds that thrilling lyric note,
Sweet as the pipings of a thrush's throat,
And o'er the eastern hill
A tender glory spreads that makes thee still,
Struck dumb with wond'ring fear,
As clearer and more clear
Soft melodies from distant hillsides float,
And in the radiant mists a rosy mote,
Becomes a wondrous maid;
O'er the still glade
She dances to fresh waves of lilting song,
While violets and the early iris throng
The rocky plain
In rippling magic;
And a silvery rain
Of laughter clear and gay,
Drives the fierce clouds away.
For near the rocky coast she sees
A loutish fellow gaping through the trees,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And in an airy maze
She mocks his muddled gaze
With roguish eye and laughing glance demure
And pelted blossoms pink and snowy pure,
Until the 'wilderer Spring
Falls down a-worshiping,
Weeps sad contrition in fair Summer's lap,
A most bedazzled, most repentant chap,
And then—with chains of roses meekly
bound—
He draws her chariot o'er the verdant ground.

M. C. FELIX,
University of Wisconsin.

The Song of the Pine Trees

I HAVE heard the pine trees sing!
I was brooding, blind to the world of pine
trees and snow,
When my soul awoke to a sound on the winds
a-blow,
And I heard the pine trees sing!

It began like a far-off sigh,
Then it shivered and swelled and swept
through the legion of trees,
And whispered and wailed and wept like the
quivering seas,
And wavered away, and broke in the distant
breeze—
Broke in a far-off sigh.

I think 'twas the sound of a soul—
The soul of the morning stars that sang to their
God!
When their song was hushed in the fear of his
chastening rod,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The pine trees caught it, dying away in the
sod—
Caught it, and sing through all the ages
that roll,
The song of the dawn-stars' soul!

AGNES M. WHITE,
Agnes Scott College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Motif in Grey

S LANTING strings of pearls
drizzle
incessantly
through the pungent air
on the cold, drab stones
of the city . . .

Tall, bleak buildings
stand like rows of lofty forest-pines,
dripping
a grey monody
of raindrops . . .

On the stony breast of the city
rain-dregs
trickle
and ooze
like grey blood gurgling. . . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Through the pale branches of the
 wind
raindrops
flutter and rustle
and hiss
and spatter and splash
faster than the feet of men
that scurry
and scamper
like frightened mice . . .

JEROME ROMAN,
College of the City of New York.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

April

APRIL is here—the world is quivering,
A storm has swept the deepening
blue;

Men are fighting; comes the springtime,
Old, yea, old—and ever new.

April is here—again we're dreaming,

Dreaming old dreams as of yore,
Weaving visions, idle visions,

Visions never dreamt before;
Dreams of hope and love and victory,
Yearnings long since stilled in pain,
Anguished visions, never dying,
Shine like sun-mist in the rain.

April is here—and still we're dreaming,

Hour to hour and day to day,
Ne'er forgotten months and seasons
Come, and vanish swift away.
Year by year our dreams have faded,
Passing like some fairy song.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Life is brief?—aye, for the warrior
Life is weary, life is long.
April is here—and still we're dreaming;
Is it constant as it seems?
There's a Power that guards our warriors,
Guards our still undying dreams.

VIRGINIA M. O'CONNOR,
Boston University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Late Spring 1917

I HAVE not seen the Spring this year
Run like a flame along the hill:
Only the winds move, slow as fear.
The small, bright birds are still.

Perhaps the Spring has loosed her hand,
Let fall may-flowers and jonquils after,
Scorning to fling her buds among
Such as have not a song,
Scorning to give, as other years,
Her daffodils for tears,
And desolate in that gray land,
Weeps her lost laughter.

Perhaps, a sword in her white side
And withered violets on her head,
For all the lovers who have died
Young Spring lies dead.

SALLY CALKINS WOOD,
Wellesley College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Evening Fancies

I WALK to where the hills begin
And evening mists hang cool and thin,
Like giant webs the fairies spin
To trap the dying light;
And up the dusky slope my way
Leads to the embers of the day
Among the pines far, far away
From softly stealing Night.

Yet still she's creeping ever near
With drowsy footfalls sweet to hear
And in her deep blue robe appear
The stars like crystal beads;
Now as I walk through pastures lush
My feet the soft, damp grasses crush —
A gentle sound that breaks the hush
That settles on the meads.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

I pause before the garden gate
In the sweet gloom to contemplate
The garlands soft and delicate
 Twined by the evening breeze.
And like a pearl the sailing moon
Climbs up the sky of early June
While throbs the locusts' summer tune,
 In sombre linden trees.

H. H. F. JAYNE,
Harvard University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Nocturne

ON this most lovely night of all
The nights that climb the stairs of years
With starry crowns or cloudy tears
Or low winds' fragrant, aching call,

I turn to where the sickle moon
Her slimly chiselled silver blade
Sinks slowly through the spent and flayed
Rain-bended boughs of night's black noon.

I turn to where the fragile mist
Weaves sadder woofs upon the breasts
Of darkened hills, or on their crests
Lays fingers suave and amethyst.

I turn to where the birches bend
Their pale unblemished strong young limbs
In white so virgin that it dims
The spent light that the strong stars send.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

For moon and mist and slim white tree
Together stand for those blithe years
Whose closing portal now appears,
And are so much a part of me.

So, in far places, void of peace
And full of sorrow, may I see
Once more the birch dance silverly,
The new moon drifting through the trees.

F. HUBBARD HUTCHINSON,
Williams College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My Garden

GOD, is this mine—this garden in the sun—
This kneeling-rug of colors orient,
Crossed by the poppies' stain,
Bordered with tufted phlox
And fringing hollyhocks,
Love-in-a-mist, dewy and finely spun
After the rain!

HELEN GIDDINGS
Mt. Holyoke College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Light

I FOUND earth sweet with morning, and the
light
Quiet and gray; the coming in of day
Had need of no adorning; far away
The rain swept earth and heaven,
And the air
Brought sacred secret freshness far, from where
Wet grass lay cool that long had been the prey
Of dusty heat.
Now strength arose to meet
Such quietude with unreluctant feet.

EMILY FERL,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The West Wind

OH, the wild West Wind is my lover,
So beautiful, swift, and strong!
To me the long hills over
He comes with a wondrous song.
He sweeps me into his protecting arms,
And I lean back my head upon his breast,
My heart at rest.
Then with the low sweet tones of love he
charms
My lips to his; and brushes back my hair
With tender fingers;
So on my brow no care
Nor trouble lingers.

And then we dance by the glittering lake;
And hand in hand through the whispering
wood
We chase the black-striped water snake
And mock the jay with his plumèd hood.
The red-gold leaves wave merrily,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

As up the gray-gold hill we run;
The pine trees sway on their stems, as we
Raise our arms to the gold, gold sun,
Knowing our souls are one
Till day is done.

Through the rose twilight very quietly
We steal back under silent, sleeping trees,
Holding our breath lest from its charmed
ease

We wake some grass blade; and a while
We linger by the lake with its sweet smile
Of slumber. A little bird chirps drowsily,
Good-night; and we creep on;
And stand before my carven door until
The whole world has grown still
And all the light is gone.

IRENE H. WILSON,
Wellesley College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To a Woodland Lake

O LAUGHING jewel, set amid the
 ferns,
O bit of richly iridescent blue,
O myriad of flashing fires that burns
With brilliance ever-changing, ever new.

I wonder if thy reeds that love thee so
They seem to tremble at the touch of thee
Are moved by more of love than I may
 know,
Or filled with more of beauty than I see.

STANLEY PORTER HAINES,
College of Wooster.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

When Clouds Pass Over the Moon

WHEN clouds pass over the moon,
A thousand lurking shadows leer,
A thousand black-faced shadows peer,
From behind the trees and beside the wall and
across the snow,
At me.

When clouds pass over the moon,
The spider-like shadows weave webs with
a grin,
The finger-like shadows are hungry-thin,
Close beside the wall and behind the trees and
across the snow,
Near me.

When clouds pass over the moon,
The wind shakes out her lengthless hair,
And shrieks in the night through fingers
bare,
From behind the trees and beside the wall and
across the snow,
At me.

KATHRYN HULBERT,
Connecticut College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Song of the Hills

O I LOVE the quiet hilltops when the singing woods are still,
When a hush lies deep upon them and there's music at the rill.
Then the wind goes whirling, swirling, and soughs rushing through the pines,
Sometimes halting with a whisper to touch dancing columbines.
O, there's something on the hillsides
When I tramp them in the Spring;
Is it a wood-thrush trilling
Or spring come burgeoning?

O, I've walked the moors, the meadows; seen the marigolds in bloom,
But I've passed beyond the lowlands at a whiff of rare perfume,
That comes drifting down from hillsides where azaleas swing on high
With their faint, exotic fragrance that still lingers when they die.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

O, there's something on the hillsides
When I tramp them in the spring;
Is it a wood-thrush trilling
Or Spring come bourgeoning?

When I've heard the mountain runnel crooning
softly down its way,
While it trickles through the grasses, laughs
like oreads at play;
When I've waited on the hill crest for the red-
gold sun to rise
High above the cedar forest and to mount unto
the skies,
Then I know that on the hillsides
When I tramp them in the Spring,
It is God I'm clearly seeing
As Spring comes bourgeoning.

HELEN M. FRANCIS,
Mount Holyoke College,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Night

(Two Studies)

I 'VE wondered;—is the satin tent of night
Only a blue-black canopy that's spread
Above the world as o'er an ancient bed
Whose heavy 'broidered tapestries are dight
With sudden, single jewels winking bright
In stately wrought design,—so are the stars
And little suns and moon and fiery Mars
Sewn gem-like on the sky in pattern'd light,
Or are the wind blown folds of Heaven torn
And through its rents we gaze beyond and see
The Secret Place whereof the Dark was born,
Where Light and Color and even God may be—
And where a light-shaft's pierced the curtain
through,
A star—we call it— flames against the blue.

She says the sky is shaped umbrella-wise
A parasol of colored silk by day,
Cloud-'broidered with dawn streamers, she
would say,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

By night it's folded and in waiting lies
Till day again, for night now walks the skies
In her dark finery, with purple shade
'Gainst which for trimming she has featly laid
Pale yellow jewels, all of different size.
I rather think that night's dark mantle's torn
And through its countless little rents the light
Which lives beyond, to us below is borne
In gentle rays and tempered to our sight.
Think how that land beyond the dark must
gleam—
Stars are to tantalize us—make us dream.

CONSTANCE PIERREPONT NOYES,
University of Wisconsin.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Looms of Nature

SOMETIMES so strangely still
They weave —
The face of earth is scarcely stirred
By breath of breeze
Or sigh of leaves
To mark the shuttles' play.

Sometimes they liquid sound:
Of dewdrops dripping,
Of bird notes purling,
Of water's faint complaining —
As the threads whirl
The close of day.

'Tis then that with blushing crimson
The webs are stained;
And amethysts creep to rest
Amid the woof of shadows
Dimly growing
In places, solemn and remote.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Sometimes they roar with blasts
Of stormy winds.
Icicles form the warp
On which the long, cool fingers
Of winter sunlight are fashioned —
To light a curtained world.

Ever, ever weave the looms:
The sweetness and pain of spring,
The calm of the sun-burnt summer,
The strengthening cheer of the autumn,
The purity and silence of winter —
The growth in the heart of man.

THELMA HARRINGTON,
College for Women, Western Reserve University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Solar Myth

IN the water-blue of the wide sky-bowl
Where cloud foam drifts all day,
A great gold sun-fish swims across
And never a moment he stops to toss
His golden tail or his glittering head,
For he is hungry and must be fed
So must reach the friendly supper-shoal
By the blue rocks far away,
Where the tired foam
Finds a quiet home
And the blue trees nod and sway.

But when it is dark come little gold fish
To swim in the bowl all night
And they shiver and quiver their little gold fins
From the very moment life begins
For they're filled with a haunting fright.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Yes, they know that the great gold-fish will
 come,
When he's rested a while by the shoal,
And into his mouth all gold and glum
Must swim every fish in the bowl.

BURGIS GREENACRE COY,
Kansas State Agricultural College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Solitude

TWILIGHT comes. Her mantle hides me in
its fold
Of isolating chill. I struggle to be free
In vain, to tear away her hands. So close and
cold
She hugs me to herself — alone, the dusk and
me.

Below, the homing river cuddles to its breast
Long drowsy barges stirring slowly in their
sleep,
As tired children, through with play and gone
to rest,
Break their slumbers with a sigh, content and
deep.

All the soulless things have found themselves a
place;
Alone, I lean against a dark, unlistening
tree —
A light breaks through the shadows as a
friendly face,
And in my solitude the world has come to me.

ESTHER BRITAIN,
Wells College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

A Song in September

THE distant hills are gleaming gold,
Ashine with slopes of goldenrod;
And far and high above them sounds
The golden laughter of a god.

But laughter of the gods is faint,
And goldenrod grows grey in rain,
And they were nought to me, could I
But hear your golden songs again.

BERNICE L. KENYON,
Wellesley College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Fabric of October Days

THESE are such days,
That challenge me in their high vari-
colored ways,
To find a fabric I might weave them in.
Old gold of the bows,
Of the Florentine frame of the trees,
While dusty trains from Samarcand and Spain
Go curving on the ground.
Vacant, the old wall opens vintage,
With mellow sun above her unflecked wine—
And through long patch-work vistas, wine-red
walls
Again, crotched in faint shadows—
Holbein's musty garments on his rubicund—
There Harlequin forsakes his lozenzed coat
And hangs it, spinning, from some idle beech,
While tassels on a court, hedge-lined in green
Drip yellows, bright in Venice long ago.
Out where the road bends to the hills, fair
mediaeval

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Halls throw out their tapestries, old falconry—
and flaxen-headed song-boys coming
through the night's rehearsal, "Roman de
la Rose"—

The stragglers from Arden in their riddled
mummery are there, descending solemnly
the hill,

While some draw high fringed cloaks, maroon
hoods streaked with bronze.

Others catch up a winking salmon petticoat,
And in the prongs of lank old limbs a-file, a
helter-skelter web of rosy bits—

Casements are they, with eager, peering ruddy
boys and girls, beneath—the storied arras
in the wind,

These are such days,

That challenge me in their high vari-colored
ways

To find a fabric I might weave them in.

CHARLES FRANCIS BOPES,
University of Virginia.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Sere Leaf

WHEN the cherry blossoms
Fell in the Springtime,
And the warm spray-fragrance
Wafted from the ocean,
She loved. . . .
When the lotus opened
On the ponds,
And the drowsy scented winds
Blew lazily from the South,
Love was full. . . .
When the maples on the hillsides
Became furnaces and towers
Of flaming red and gold—
And the shiny ducks
Flew from the marshes
Far, far to the Southland—
There were tears shed—
Wistful thoughts born, dream-mus-
ings. . . .

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

And when the slopes of Fusi-yama
Were whiter than the lilies of the South-
land
With a flood of snow-flowers,
And the fires glowed in the dwellings
The gray mourners followed her, the
sere leaf
Through the snow. . . .

WALTER B. WOLFE,
Dartmouth College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Autumn Mood

TRIP it where the wanton breeze
Follows ever after,
Where the wood-stream's melodies
Sound like elfin laughter.
Hark! The insect-folk today,
With their gently-strident lay,
Dying Summer tribute pay.
(Chill winds deaden laughter.)

Hear cicada chant his rune,
Borne on airy fleetness,
Mingling with the cricket's tune —
Gone too soon their sweetness!
Through the woods a rustling tread:
Autumn comes in Summer's stead
In her gown all gold and red.
(Can she stay their sweetness?)

Soon with languid banners furled
Autumn will have vanished.
Even now her gown is pearled
With hoar — the gold's soon banished!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Cricket falters at his drum,
Lyremen one more requiem strum:
Ah! for silence that must come.
(Ah! for beauty banished.)

Linger where the wanton breeze
Follows chilly after;
Icy fingers soon will seize
The brook, and still its laughter.
Winter's blanched and shriveled hand
Quiets all the pallid land,
Stills the field-musicians' band.
(Chill winds deaden laughter.)

EMILY MAY DOWLING,
Barnard College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Thanksgiving Day

COLD, gray dawn — the earth awakens.
God above inclines His ear.
From His children are ascending
Songs of praise, thanksgiving, cheer.

Cold, bleak dusk — and o'er His children
Night falls gently as a dove.
And the greatest blessing given
Is a Father's tender love.

REBECCA CAUDILL,
Wesleyan College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Snow Scene

O H, to come home, very late,
Through drifts of feathery snow,
In a transformed fairy-world!
Far down the street
Little lights twinkle out, like candles
On a snow-frosted birthday cake,
And shed a soft yellow radiance over all.
A silver network of bushes and hedges,
And trees against the sky,
And dark houses, fast asleep under a blanket
of snow.
The iron fence is a necklace,
Platinum, diamond set, stretched along our
path.
Phantom shadows play on the white trunk
Of a gnarled old oak, — silently, eerily.
And at the end of the journey —
Is home, cozily snuggled down in the snow,
And a path of light from the window,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A mellow gleam out over the snow,
Into the shadows of bushes and trees,
The friendly drooping trees,
Into the soft clinging quiet of the winter
night.

MARY GIFFIN,
College for Women Western Reserve University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Loneliness

WINTER shadows, cold, aquiver
With the still starlight,
All the world in sorrow sleeping
Through the long, white night;
And because the trees are lonely
And the wind howls so,
All my heart, a summer sunbeam,
Leaps to conquer woe.

Now the clouds of apple-blossoms
In the running grass
Where the checkered April sunbeams
Through the brown boughs pass;
And because my life is lonely
And I want you so,
Heart is like a frozen flower
In the cold, white snow.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Sorrow girds the heart with armor;
There is rest in pain;
There is comfort in the driving
Of the sharp, black rain;
But the purple blowing lilacs,
And the warm, green grass
Shake my heart with silent sobbing
While the long days pass.

LORNA BERNAY TASKER,
Jackson College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Even My Road

I

YOU have gone, Pierrette, and you leave
with me
Only a longing as deep as the sea,
Only my memories—all the day long—
Ashes of roses and echoes of song.

II

You have gone, Pierrette, and the new year
brings
None of the rapture of other Springs,
And the moonlit nights in their witchery
Are but wistful ghosts of what might be.

III

You have gone, Pierrette, and the world, it
seems,
Is only a mirror of unliv'd dreams.
One voice may yet live, I climb the hill—
But my wonderful, wandering road is still!

RACHEL WATT,
Wells College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

After the Heat and Toil

AFTER the heat and toil,
Peace and the night:
Silence of heaven stirred
With wings in flight;
Petals of drooping flow'rs
Wearily close;
Men turn from field and mart
Seeking repose.

After the purple shadows,
Dawn of a star;
Song of the whippoorwill
Calling afar;
Dreams of the sleeping world
Rising in air;
After the stress and toil,
Nature at prayer.

VERLA WILLIAMS,
N. C. State Normal & Industrial College.

Washington Square

GAY Belles in flounces and beruffled beaux
Once sauntered through the flower-bordered square,
Haughty or purse-proud, mincing, pompous,
slow,
Preening or smirking as they took the air.
Now on the benches alien mothers mild
(Dreaming of summer lands and summer seas)
Croon as they nurse a pale or fretful child
Panting for air, the whiles a laggard breeze
(Creeping belated, and its fetid breath
Fraught with the misery of tenement,
Clammy and cloying, as the lips of Death)
Comes to the square reluctant and half-spent—
Square of old splendors, of forgotten days,
Wedded to poverty and alien ways.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Rose Mallows*

ROSE color o' youth, rose color o' dreams,
Rose color o' love, — these are old, old
themes.

By the blue rounded ponds of the quiet salt
marsh,
With its deep sapphire waters reflecting
the skies,
The rose mallows bloom, as a ruddy hued cloud
Colored bright by the glow of the sunset
dyes.

A glorious vision! It stretches afar
Like a deepening blush upon fair nature's
face;
But even as a blush, soon its color must fade,
Too frail to endure is its delicate grace.

* Awarded the Dallas Lore Sharp Prize at Boston University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Like the rose of youth, it can last but a while;
Like the color of dreams, it may oft come
again;
And like the rose color of love, though 'tis
gone,
Its memory persists as a haunting refrain.

Rose color o' youth, rose color o' dreams,
Rose color o' love,—these are old, old themes.

LILLA M. BEST,
Boston University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I Know

I 'VE seen white magic wrought beneath the
vine
Whose haunting four-cleft purple flowers sway
Like mystic lamps in temped halls of old,
Whose hearts are quiet flames of dullest gold
That softly glow through all the summer day,
Hung high on colonnades of the dusky pine.

I know the prayers that lift beneath star-shine,
The praiseful songs the reverent winds repeat,
The wild sweet litanies the thrushes sing,
The gentle harmonies that bluebells ring,
The timid aspens' quivering quaint conceit,
The great wood-organ's solemn fugues divine;

The beauty of the mountains' jagged line,
The glow that hallows the fast sinking sun;
The far faint glory of the evening star,
The glancing lure of shining waters far,
The purple shadows where the rabbits run
Amid the willows when the cold stars shine.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

I know the witchery of shadows fine
That pattern wondrously the fragrant dell;
The beckoning of a winding path that leads
From Here to distant Nowhere's flowery meads,
The little luring path that weaves its spell
With dew and mystic turns and dawning's
wine.

TESLA V. LENNSTREND,
Montana University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Dive

HOT sun beats down on the sun-baked
board; below

The water shines, cool, deep, and wel-
coming.

Balanced twixt sky and sea I stand and swing,
And spring the board before I dive, and try
To anticipate the feel the water gives.

My head is scorched. The heat burns through
my back

And pricks my too-dry bathing suit, needles
Of fire that irritate and tease and plague

Me till my whole flesh tingles and I can

Restrain no longer. Taut I stretch my arms

Above me, stretch my body tall and straight,

And snap the board — rise upward, up and up,

Till all momentum ceases; turn in air

Sharply; then dive downward, clean, straight,
soundless,

Cutting the water like an arrow. Down,

Down, down, the closing coolness, green and
deep,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Swirls; rushes round my ears, blots out my
sight
Engulfs me in itself. All sense I lose
Of that far world above. Here shadows move
And shades of shadows seem reality.
Soft swishing things brush past me, trailing
weeds,
And little schools of fishes hurry by.
Great wriggling shadows show the staunch
old legs
That hold the wharf, above. But now I rise,
Shot upward straight. The water warmer
grows
And lighter. Bubbles pass. Breathless I break
The surface smooth, and float face turned to
sky.

CLARE ELLIOTT,
Mount Holyoke College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Local Color

THEY call the thing a park: a lump of
green
Against the festering asphalt of the slums;
And people come there to inspect the sun,
Reversing their bowed backs to glare at God,
And curse at Him for letting them curse on,
Hell after hell—

I sat there yesterday,
Wondering what it meant to feel like that;
And then I saw a little girl, and I forgot
To think of life for watching that one live.
She thought that park was God's own garden-
patch,
And she just borrowed it. She couldn't have
been
Much over two feet two; a vital imp,
So pink the dirt just couldn't blot her out!
She hung her princess slip over my bench
(Her princess slip that was a pillow-sham)
A perie bud turned aborigine,
She danced in deep and hyacinth delight

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Upon the caterpillars on the walk,
Chanting a dithyramb that went like this:

“Jumpity up!
Jumpity down!
Jumpity down!
Jumpity up!”

Being a man, I hate to want to cry,
And so I laughed a bit; and she came over,
And kissed me twice, and I, by some strange
kink,

Remembered “Paradise Lost,” and knew full
well

That Milton spoiled it all when he blamed Eve!
—And then the man beside me spoke to me
(I didn’t know there was a man till then)
A scarab of a man he was, and as
He drooled, he exhaled syllables:—

“My God, but that there young one loves the
park!

She comes and dances here on them damned
worms

Every damned chance she gets—Oh, I forgot;
I mustn’t use them words before the kid—
You see, I’m her grand-daddy—God, I’m old!
I wasn’t always like this—Why, by hell,
I can remember when her grandma danced

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The same damned happy way (and she a
woman)

Only it wasn't in this God-damned—Oh,
I *got* to quit them words, so help me G——
Damn!"

He stopped, and sucked his gums, and gulped,
and spat,

Then smiled, and tapped a finger on my
knee:—

"D'you know, Son, that there kid is all my
life!

D'you know, I'm more years old than you have
friends—

And — all *my* friends is dead — 'Dust unto
dust'—

And I s'pose happy like that there damned
kid!"

"How old?" I asked. "Tell me how old you
are."

"How old? Why, Son, I've plumb forgot; but
not

Too old to work; only too old to live—

Except in children—that one, and my own—

My own that's dead like I wish I was, too—

God knows, Young Feller; God—" He turned
away

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

To wipe his muzzle on the pillow-sham,
And sucked his gums, and spat, and fell
asleep.

FRANCIS T. KIMBALL,
Columbia University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Point O' Rock

(On the North Coast)

JUST here the jutting headland turns to sea,
And over there, beyond that gorse-grown
slope,

The lone pine looks benignly over all:

A sentry, picketed where there shall be—

As there has been for restless centuries—

No guard relief. The tide is at the flood!

The wind is a glorious horse-man, stirrupless,

Riding so free; and only the echo comes back,

Comes back, with a voice, that I know is de-
parted—

Riding so free; and only the scent is forgotten.

Untrodden slopes call to the whispering spirit,

And here, with the soul, dance the waters, un-
told and unbidden;

The flowers, so blithe and so free, bloom ever
for us

And the song of the birds is a dream that is
Paradise-Heaven,

And brave like a bugle-song, falls on the air

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

The whispering of life and living, love and hope.

.

And she stood there: all-splendid in the wind,
The sun was like a dream upon her hair
Wild-blown; and crimson were her cheeks;
And golden was the love-light in her eyes—
With rose-perfume, arcane, was she bedight—
Far-gazing, a spirit reaching for some treasure:
Perhaps that speck! fast springing into form,
A tiny boat rowed by strong, sun-browned
arms,
That flashed with dancing sunlight on the
waters—
That flashed and danced with the laughter in
his eyes,
And the glory of the smile upon his lips—
And nearer, coming nearer to the headland,
A castle there, with turret, tower and spire;
And nearer, where the sea leaps on the ledges
And the white spray is gold-flecked as it falls
All shattered on the rocks! and in an ecstasy
The girl leaned out to see the periled passage
As the small boat raced through the seething
waters,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Past cliffs that rose like minarets, spray-peaked.

The sunlight was a glory on her hair;
The color of the heather and the bracken
Was like Summer in her eyes,—all tense, quick-breathing,

Poised for an instant like an angel at the gate!
And then . . .

A sudden little pitiful outcry!
And she had fallen from the headland edge.
Down, down, in a wide, writhing arc she fell.
The waters closed above her—waters bright—
And still the roaring surf broke on the rocks—
The boat came in—the young form sprang in
glee

And turned his brown, strong face in laughter
up

To where the girl had stood—his eager eyes
Unshadowed sought her there. . . .

The pitiful
Weak cry he had not heard—he had not
known!

.

So is the legend here—here where the headland
Rears from the sea. . . .

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Now ashes are those strong arms,
And memory is her hair! But unforgotten
The sea is like a restless soul forever. . . .
The flowers are like a child 'at pray'r; and
hushed
Is all the dusk—thus is the story—thus. . . .

RONALD BARRETT KIRK,
Rutgers College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Top of the World

THE top of the world is a hill that I know
And it leaps from the breast of a lake,
Where the washing waves sing symphonies low
As they lift on the rocks and break.
The breeze is a lingering laughing kiss
O I thrill to its wild, exuberant bliss,
And life is the lyric of moments like this —
Come live for the moment's sake!

LENORE K. GUINZBURG,
Barnard College.

Revery

LOVE is like an island
Risen from the sea,
Magically flowered,
Scented fragrantly;
Favored in the sunshine
By the honey bee
And sweet singing insects'
Lisping jubilee,
Crickets' listless chirping
Monomelody.
Lighted up by starlight
Rare the sight to see:
Loveplay of the heavens
Pictured in the sea;
Winking, flickering fireflies
Swarm amazingly, —
Dancing like freed planets,
Blaze new symmetry.
Pale, the moon upclambers
Hesitatingly,
Slowly up and higher,
And slowly down to sea,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

While the glistening water,
Flowing silently,
Follows, always wishing
Her resting place to be.
Come! let us to this island,
Surrounded by the sea,
This isolated island,
To shelter you and me.

HARRY HAYNE PARKER,
Harvard University.

She Had Red Roses in Her Hair

OH, she was young and she was fair,
And she was good to see!
She had red roses in her hair
And one she gave to me.

Her song was gay and passing sweet,
So blithely did she pass.
She went with silver-sandalled feet
Across the meadow grass.

I left the plough and went along
To follow where she led,
So captivating was her song,
So sweet her lips, and red.

Oh, she was fair beyond compare,
But she was swift to flee.
(All those red roses in her hair
And only one for me!)

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I ran across the meadow grass
And leapt across the brook,
But swifter sped the bonnie lass
And never turned to look.

She went with silver-sandalled feet
Among the forest trees.
Her song was very clear and sweet
Upon the summer breeze.

I lost her in the woodland ways
And called her all in vain.
Throughout the gladsome summer days
She never came again.

Mayhap, when autumn-time is here,
I'll see my love once more
To see and hear whatever dear
My heart has loved her for.

She was so young, so very fair,
So wonderful to see!
She had red roses in her hair
And one she gave to me.

DEAN B. LYMAN, JR.,
University of the South.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Song

GOD is omnipresent, love;
Yes, He is everywhere—
In the sky and ocean, love,
In earth and fire and air.

God is omnipresent, love,
All-powerful and wise;
I can see His presence, love,
Reflected in your eyes!

SAMUEL HELLER,
Brown University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Three Lovers

A MAIDEN sat amid the gloom
Of a young Summer evening
Waiting for love.
A thin, pale moon
Cast a tender glow over the nook
Where she dreamed.
And under the fading halo of the moon
There came a sudden rushing.
He knelt beside her. She could feel
His strength fast pulsing like a strong man
Who has run a race.
"I love you," said the man, and paused,
Her heart beat in wild, thrilling rhythm.
"What will you then?" she whispered.
The muscles of his arm tightened around her.
"The roundness of your arms,
The softness of your breasts,
The yielding weakness of you," said the man.
"Ah no," the maiden sighed.
"Perchance that some day you should find
me strong."

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

The still moon shed a wan radiance
Over the wisteria in the corner.
And yet the maiden waited,
Until he came, with step assured.
"I love you," said the man, and tried
To draw her to him.
"What will you then?" she asked.
"Your winning, sunny, smile,
Your woman's intuition,
Your ignorance of evil," said the man.
"Ah no," the maiden answered.
"Perchance that some day you should find
me wise."

The white moon waxed among the clouds
Until the shadow vanished where she lay
To wait for love.
A gentle dawn wind stirred the clematis
As he came near.
"My love," he said, and touched her not,
"You know my heart.
I cannot tell you what I would
But you know all."
"What then?" whispered the maiden.
A moonbeam fell upon her.
"Dear love," he said,
"I would not ask from you, nor you from me."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Together we shall win the world."

"Ah yes," replied the maiden low.

"Perchance that always you shall find me
true."

ALISON HASTINGS,
Connecticut College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Is Love Everything?

*"Is love everything, and duty and the memory
of the past nothing?"*—GEORGE ELIOT.

S HE'S calling you. I hear her. You must
go.
Just touch my hand in parting; say good-bye.
Be quick! Be off! Say that you loved her so
Her first call thrilled you and you could not
fly.

Don't kiss me. We are only friends. You're
hers
Where kisses are concerned, instead of mine;
Mine but to frolic with, as Kitty purrs
And tosses high in air her ball of twine.
As innocent as that the game we've played.
No love was there,—oh, perhaps a sigh or
two,
A hasty, sudden flush that never stayed,—
But now it's over, and she's calling you.

We can't regret; don't sigh; go answer her.
Forget me 'till you're old and life is through,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

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"Ah yes," replied the maiden low.

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two,

A hasty, sudden flush that never stayed,—
But now it's over, and she's calling you.

We can't regret; don't sigh; go answer her.
Forget me 'till you're old and life is through,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And then, and only then, look through the blur
Of years, and say we loved and never knew.

It must be that way. Love's not everything;
We did not know 'till now, and now it's
through.

Ah, well, a kiss, then, but it must not cling.
Listen to Duty. Go. She's calling you.

LUCILE VERNON,
Fairmount College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

My Song

I MADE a little song,
And wove it all of smiles and tears;
The smiles were yours for all you thought
I did,
The tears were mine for all I longed to do.

The years are gone,
And when I sing my song,
Its melody is low and sweet to hear;
For smiles and tears are one.

DOROTHY REED,
Mount Holyoke College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Defilement

I DANCED with the countess of Jordan-Ray,
The most wonderful woman I dreamed to
view;
She carried my heart and my hopes away
To a star at even-tide that lay
Asleep in the light of the outer bay
And shone thru her eyes of blue.

White was the skin of her angel hand,
And golden her silky hair;
And her lips were like rubies that kings com-
mand
When those rubies are wondrous fair;
While a bouquet of roses, red and white,
Of beauty without compare;
Lay on her lily breast that night,
And breathed all their perfume there.

Then one came tottering through the throng
With a walk like a phantom tread;
And a voice like the sound of a wasted song
That rose from the throat of the dead;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Livid in look and spent in power.
It grasped the fair hand I led,
While I thought of a leper that crushed a
 flower:—
“My husband, the count,” she said.

Was it the music that grew less gay?
Or was it her charms that lied?
Well—the hope and the splendor faded away
From the star at even-tide that lay
Asleep in the light of the outer-bay,
And the wonderful roses died.

MAURICE RABINOWITZ,
College of the City of New York.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Cavalier Song

I SEND a spray of rosemary—
Pray, love, remember.
The violets have gone with spring
And our youthful love is an outworn thing;
Fall brings to us but rosemary—
I pray you, love, remember me.

I send a spray of rosemary—
Pray, love, remember.
The summer's roses have withered away
And the passion we've spent is dead as
they;
Fall brings this herb of memory—
I pray you, love, remember me.

I send a spray of rosemary—
Pray, love, remember.
Another spring we will find but rue
On the banks where last year's violets
grew;
But fragrance lingers in rosemary—
I pray you, love, remember me.

GLADYS M. GOSHORN,
University of Michigan.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Praeterea Nihil

THE thought of you is like the wind that
blows
Seaward from Heart's Desire,
A breath from some old garden where the rose
Drank deep of summer's fire;
Forgotten days of summer are its wings,
And long forgotten days of half-forgotten
springs.

The thought of you is what your kisses were
Too long ago to dream:
It is the sun upon your radiant hair, —
A faint reviving gleam
In those old corners of the heart where dust
And ashes are the days that youth was glad to
trust.

The thought of you is like a flower that takes
Root in my heart's repose,
Though where you are or what your fortune
makes
Of you God only knows;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

This thing I keep, this joy is left me still:
To think of what you were and love you as I
will.

And so I leave you to the golden urn
And ashes of delight,
While to the hills the summer days return,
And lovers haunt the night;
While round my daily walks new loves increase,
And the old love embalms my evening lamp with
peace.

CLYDE BYRON BECK,
University of Illinois.

Lost Lights

“LET’S not be sentimental!”
You said, O dear delight,
Well — you held Heaven’s rental —
And who was I to fight?
“Good friends, alert and laughing,
And cool with Plato’s snow —
But — other wine for quaffing?
Be sentimental? No!”

I took you at your own word,
(Fool while my life shall last!)
And found the “friend” a stone word,
And knew the radiance past;
The comradeship by snatches,
The love that lit my days,
Went out like burnt out matches
Before your husband’s gaze.

He cloys you with caresses
Too honied to be sweet,
And fatly strokes your tresses,
And binds your swift-winged feet —

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

— And you've no thirst to slake from
The gold of each new June,
Nor ever dare to break from
Your sticky-bright cocoon!

I could have held you cleaner
And free as clouds are free,
And shared you with nought meaner
Than sun and stars and sea!
But I'd a sense of humor,
— At least you told me so —
And pride beyond all rumor —
And so — I let you go.

Life breaks us — that grows plainer.
And wit declines to gall,
With none of us the gainer —
It seems a shame — that's all!
When truth about me nears you
You'd better shut your eyes.
And you — his sugar smears you,
And the air hums with flies.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET,
Yale University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

The Joyous Girl

HER eyes, like diamonds, flash her heart's
white sunlight;

They're fair as mountain pools in sifted moon-
light.

Like swiftly changing, warmly moody opals,
They're darkly deep as midnight canon
shadows;

And Imps of Fun dance there, and gaily whirl.

Her voice! The dash and splash of woodland
water,

It bubbles, ripples—full of dewy laughter;
'Tis muted cello strings in whispering breezes.
And floating soft on purple velvet mazes,
Her songs are silver arrows, tipped with pearl.

Her soul, as sunset's radiant hallelujah,
Is pure and true in praising great Jehovah.
A major chord of joy and fearless living,
Like snow and piney air, she calls to daring.
Her Christ hath made her so—The Joyous Girl.

ROLLO C. LA PORTE,
Occidental College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Evelyn

CANS'T thou not come a little while, dear
one?

The sun has long since peeped into our nook;
As a mother with a fond lingering look
Steals from her children to a task undone.
Each tiny leaf with threads of gold half spun
Catches its image in the fading brook.
See, here's a log that elfin rogues forsook,
Where we may share the symphony begun.

Lovelier hast thou grown in these past years;
For, as the singing of the care-free lark
Rests on the sweet connection of each strain,
So thy face, gathering strength from hidden
tears,
And happiness from tasks one may not mark
Is linked forever with the heart's refrain.

ELLEN MACKENZIE DODSON,
University of Southern California.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Old Love

I SHALL twist a wreath
Out of the wind-washed songs you
sang
And place it over the grave
Where your memory lies buried.
And then I shall go out into the world
Pretending that all memory of you is
gone,
Shivered off into a nothingness like a
brittle moonbeam
Shattered against a dark rock;
But it will not avail
For I shall still feel
Little ghost fingers clutching at my
heart.

ROYALL SNOW,
Harvard University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The School-House Revival

A Fragment

NIGHT and the silent stars;
My brother and I cuddled in fur
robes
In the back of the sleigh,
With mother near—just on the seat in
front.
The soft crunch of the snow under the
runners
And the horses hoofs beating time
To the music of the soft, low wind.
The moon's face veiled in cloud-lace
As the emotion of an hour since
Is veiled in my child-heart—
Dim memories of those emotions
Surging up through coming drowsiness.
"I've anchored my soul in the haven of
rest."
Under the stars
The Lie, before which I had crouched in
terror

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

An hour since
Has lost its fearsomeness;
And the need to confess about the broken
pitcher
Is growing less urgent;
God is good!
He knows I am sorry—
The pitcher had a pink rose painted on its
side,
I had loved the rose—
The waves of drowsiness dash high—
higher,
Over the flower-memory,
Over my new resolves,
Over me;
And the stars of the prairie night
Smile on.

FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA,
Yankton College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Enough

CLEAR through the mist that shrouds the
closed gate
And bars thy path from fields where angels
wait
To minister the blessed:
E'en though thy senses numb to bear the pain
Of Hell, of man denied his Heaven,
Still through that, Soldier, Sailor, see
The will of God: it is enough, enough.
E'en though the wrongs of yester-years
Churl madly to confuse with bitter tears
Thy broken heart,
Enough, if when thy soul embraces Night
It whispers, "Mother, wrong or right,
The will of God," it is enough, enough.

HERBERT A. JANZLIK,
Harvard University.

The Red Cross Nurse

IN gardens blooming bright with posies fair;
When sun and Summer held their magic
 sway,

I've seen the humming-bird,—that tiny ray
Of rainbow colors, darting here and there.
The honey pure it sips from petals rare,—
 An iridescent mite of grace;—and gay
 Its phantom, filmy, flying wings that stay
But for a moment here,—then glance elsewhere.

And so, in dread, drear rooms of death and
 pain,

Where lie poor wrecks of things that once
 bloomed men,

Another bit of sunshine flits a-near.

Her flowers—the small white cots where, nigh
 insane,

Worn souls seize hope and try to smile again;—
And seeking naught, she brings sweet mercy's
 cheer.

J. ROBERT CLAIR,
Holy Cross College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

God

THE GRANDMOTHER.

“How do you keep your heart, Marie,
So high with Pierre away?
God never will come so close to me
As to make me glad and gay.
My heaven of hope is black as night,
And the stars shine through, blood-
red.
Marie, what God will bring you light
If Pierre is lying dead!”

MARIE.

“Grand-mere, Pierre is God for me,
Merciful, strong and true.
Grand-mere, the highest God may be
Black night and blood to you.
But my vision reaches beyond the sky,
And beyond the brooding black.
If God is dead, I too must die—
If Pierre does not come back!”

JEANETTE (The Child).

“Mamma, is Daddy going to fall
And leave Jeanette alone?”

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Won't God turn back the rifle-ball
That the foe's bright guns have
thrown?
I'll pray to God to guard Papa
And to bring him home at last
To kiss me, and laugh his big 'ha-ha'
After the war has passed."

MARIE.

"Dear child, Pierre, your father dear,
Himself is a mighty god.
And you, his daughter, need have no fear
Lest his life blood mark the sod.
When He is dead, the stars will fade;
And Jeanette, we too will sleep,
When the only Lord we love is laid
Where the sad-eyed violets weep."

THE WOMAN FROM THE CAMP.

"Marie,—Pierre is sleeping fast.
I left him lying there;
And in my arms he breathed his last
See—here is a lock of hair.
For me he lived—for me he died:
Marie—give me his gold.
You fiend! You dare to say I lied?
His order here I hold."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

MARIE.

“Here, take the gold: and take me, death
He—God, but I loved him so—
You stole his heart, France stole his breath.
Take—take his gold and go.
Pierre was the God in my sky of bliss,
But God from heaven has gone.
And oh, the memory of his kiss
When he left me, that fatal dawn!”

THE WOMAN FROM THE CAMP.

“You shriek, you faint? Dieu, don’t you
know
All’s fair in love, as war?
You chose his heart: what can you show?
I choose his gold: And more:
When he came to me, lonely, weak
I was his light—his life;
I, a woman of the camp. Now speak—
You only were his—wife!”

(Weeks later.)

THE GRANDMOTHER.

“Jeanette, go wake your mother now
And try to make her smile.
Today we three shall go to plow,
And day’s a weary while.
Her song is still, her heart is black.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Her cheeks are leaden gray.
Jeanette, go wake your mother now.
It may be she can pray."

JEANETTE.

"Grand-mere, Mamma is not in there.
This note is all I find—
'I go to offer as a prayer
What He has left behind.
Pierre, my lord of life, has found
His heaven tenantless.
And I shall seek his holy ground,
Perhaps I can redress

His wrongs, by offering to those
Who struggle and who fail
Myself—to help them bear the blows;—
That our great cause prevail.
And if, Grand-mere, I come no more,
But lie beneath the sod,
Know that I, tortured, broken, sore,
Still hail Pierre as God.' "

WHEATON HALE BREWER,
University of California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Fields of France

OUR fathers came from the fields of France,
From the sunny fields of the old domain,
Where the wind made waves of the growing
grain,
And the sun was warm as a lover's glance;
Red roses swayed in the wind, a-dance,
And the rain along the blossom-ways
Set stars in the midst of the white-rose
sprays,—
All in the sunny fields of France.

White roses hedged the growing wheat,
Red roses bordered the narrow lane —
But blue and white and golden and green,
With a glimpse between of the purple sheen,
The Fleur de Lys was a riot of sweet
Along the river banks of Aisne.

Our fathers' fathers heard a call—
Was it the trumpet of Charlemagne?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Or sheer from the borderland of Spain,
The horn of Roland at Roncevalles?
Or midst a forest of pennoned lance
And sword-blades, flashed in wild acclaim,
The mighty shout that hailed her name,
Joan of Arc,—Joan of France!

White roses, foam of the water-fall;
Red roses, glow of the sunset sky;
But blue and white and golden and green,
With a glimpse between of the purple sheen,
The Fleur de Lys was a royal call,
For France! For France!—a battle cry.

In France today, where the hostile hordes
Have trampled the beauty that is our soul,
Have seared it with destruction's dole,
Aye, desecrated what was the Lord's—
We are swinging back, we are flooding back,
Our hearts a riot of purple and gold,
Border to border, eager-souled;
And beauty shall bloom again from the wrack.

White roses, broken and bruised in the rain;
Red roses, torn by the wind from the sea;
But blue and white and golden and green,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

With a glimpse between of the purple sheen,
For ever and ever along the Aisne,
Heart of the French, the Fleur de Lys!

MARIAN E. MANLY,
Ohio Wesleyan University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

On Guard

“HALT! Who’s there?”—
Through the night air

Snaps the sharp command.

“Friend!”

“Advance, friend, to be recognized!

“Halt!

Advance.”— Alone again with the skies.

Ha! The same old moon as the one last night,

Only fuller and more to my right;

Less fog, too — say, isn’t she bright!

Let’s see — just a year ago this June,

On such a night and with such a moon. . . .

I wonder where —

“Halt! Who’s there?

“Halt! Can’tcha hear?”—

More loud and clear

Rings the stern command.

“Officer.”

“Advance, Sir, with the countersign.

Halt!

Advance, Sir. Yes, Sir; fine.”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Two-fifteen — Gosh — the time drags slow.
Wish I knew for sure when we're gonna go.
Mother and Dad'd like to know.

But then, there's such a lot depends
On these little cussed odds and ends.
If the Boches knew where —
“Halt! Who's there?

“Halt! Step into the light!”
Sharp through the night
Cuts the sharp command.
“Me-e-e-eouw!”

Ho! That old white Tom again!
Hush! Scat!
You'll need more lives, friend cat, than nine
Or even ten.

Three o'clock — just one hour more —
Seems like forty hours instead of four!
Better fix this shoe or my foot'll get sore. —
What in the name of sin was that?
Gettin' so I can't tell a man from a cat! . . .
If I only was sure she didn't care —
“Halt! Who's there?

Halt! Who's there?”—
Bang! A blinding flare . . .

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Then a writhing form. —

A groan.

“Wouldn’t stop, corporal; had to shoot!”

“What?”

“Spy — camp-robber? Yep

There’s the loot.

Say, tell the relief to hustle along!”

Let’s see — what the Dickens was that song?

Oh—“The Bell in the Lighthouse Rings Ding-Dong.”

She sure could sing that song for fair. —

“Halt! Who’s there?

Halt! Who’s there?”

Once more through the air

Comes the same command.

“Relief!”

“Advance! One with the countersign;

Advance, Relief!”

“No, nothin’ new — same old line.

What’s the good word? Yep — had to be done.

Hated to, though — he tried to run.

Dead! Say — look, dawn’s begun.

All safe! All safe and fine!

Halt! Who’s there?”

REX WILLS,

University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

War's Apocalypse

A NAMELESS body, frozen in the mire,
Shackled in crimson bonds, upturned it
lies.

Mark the grim jaw, the cold defiant eyes.
For him the charge has sounded no retire.
Here, on a crater's brink, beneath the wire,
Bullet or shrapnel, we can but surmise;
The mud his tomb, and ghastly death his prize,
The portion of a soldier under fire.
Mangled he fell, denied Love's last caress —
Too rich a compost for a foreign sod —
All that life holds: love, honor, and success
Death cruelly smothered out, but none the less,
Can death destroy man's union with his God?
And, having this, what more can man possess?

RUTGERS RENSEN COLES,
Williams College.

Terra Sancta

THE fields that lie in Santerre
Are rich with martyrs' blood,
Their bodies dot the meadow
And choke the straggling wood —
The men who died in Santerre
And knew that it was good.

The men who died in Santerre
Were men of common clod,
They broke the running furrow,
They toiled with scythe and hod;
Yet touched them in their passing
The accolade of God.

When peace comes back to Santerre
With corn, and oil, and wine,
Their white bones will be scattered
Behind the plowshare's line,
Their flesh will swell the wheat-sheaves,
Their blood will fill the vine.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And when on All Soul's morning
The requiem Mass is said,
And the priest lifts Host and Chalice
Above his low-bowed head,
God and the men of Santerre
Will meet in Wine and Bread.

FRANK THONE,
Grinnell College.

Where I Would Die

(A Soldier's Song)

I CARE not where I meet my death,
Or where my bones repose;
For I know that after my latest breath
My soul to its Maker goes.
And whether my dust be laid away
In a stately tomb to rest,
It matters naught if I can but say
That I conquered in the test.

Though some might long for the quiet
home
And a rich and downy bed,
Give me the sea with its frothing foam;
Let me die in the midst of the dead.
Or leave me out on the battle-plain
With the gory corpses strewn,
And there I shall smile in my dying pain,
And deem such a death a boon.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My country summons; I take her stand
For the cause of humankind;
And I sail to-night for that far-off land
While the cowards lurch behind.
I am proud to endanger my youthful life,
I yearn for no earthly fame,
And I pity the wretch who shirks the
 strife,
I envy him not his shame.

The coward may die in his downy bed
With his loved ones standing near
To soothe his pains and to rest his head
And to whisper a prayer in his ear.
But ye who pose as the brave and bold,
Yet shrink at your nation's call,
Go look at his visage, and there behold
The shame that awaits you all.

'Tis a solace indeed at your bed to see
Your beloved ones who share in your pain;
Such a death were consoling, but 'tis not
 for me.
I would die in the midst of the slain.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

And whether my bones be honored or not
It shall matter but little then;
I want to fall in that hallowed spot
Where I die for my fellowmen.

DANIEL L. McELLAGOTT,
Dubuque College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Our Mother (U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY)

THE Mother sits by the Severn side,
Where the Severn joins the Bay,
And great grey ships go down the tide,
And carry her sons away.
They carry them far, they carry them wide,
To all the Seven Seas,
But never beyond her love and pride,
And ever the deathless tales abide,
They learned at the Mother's knee.

Stern she is, as well becomes
The nurse of gentlemen,
Who trains their tread to roll of drums,
Their hands to sword and pen.
Her iron-blooded arteries hold,
No soft Corinthian strain;
The Attic soul in a Spartan mould,
Loyal and hardy, clean and bold,
Shall govern the roaring main.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

They come from South, they come from
North,
They come from East and West;
And who can say, when all go forth,
That any of these are best?
With names unknown, and names that won
Their fame in a hundred fights,
The admiral's son, and the plowman's son,
Mothered by her they all are one,
Her race of sailor knights.

Young, and eager and unafraid,
As neophytes they kneeled
And watched their arms, and only prayed,
"Keep stain from every shield."
Naught else they fear as they hunt the foe
Through fog, and storm, and mine,
Keen for the joy of the battle blows;
But God make strong the hearts of those
Who love, and are left behind.

G. W. Post,
U. S. Naval Academy.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Meeting of 1917 and 1918*

IN a great, lone hall on the top of the world,
Where a million ice devils by Winter were
hurled,
At the end of the year, at the close of the day,
Sat one, whose bent figure and long locks of
gray,
And mournful features, and eyes full of grief,
Gave proof of a sorrow too great for belief.

The hall where he sat was cheerless and bare—
No mark of kindness or luxury there—
But hanging about the walls of the room
Were pictures of carnage enshrouded in gloom;
And over the floor was a tapestry spread
In which had been woven the souls of the dead.

Near midnight, there suddenly stood by his
side
One newly created, who spoke in youth's pride:

* This poem won the "All State Medal" for the year 1916-17,
given by the State College Press Association.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

"I come from the place where the ages are
born;
I bear thee a message to wait not the morn,
But hasten away to the land whence I came,
And bear thence thy message of murder and
shame."

Then slowly the watcher raised his bowed head,
And, with features now shining, in answer he
said:

"A year from tonight, I stood in thy place,
And was given the power of ruling the race;
And the purpose I had was strong as my life
To end all the evil of hatred and strife.

"But the rulers of earth had felt the deep lust
For the blood of their fellows, and, like a great
gust
That beats back a door that would swing at a
breath,
They rushed to a harvest of hell worse than
death.
And all through the year their dread purpose
ran,
And the people have garnered what rulers
began.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“But through the deep gloom, at the end of
the year,
I saw the far gleam of a new light appear—
Around it, about it, wherever it passed,
There ended the war-lust and carnage at last;
And I heard a faint echo above the dread din
Of an angelic song about peace among men.”

Far off through the stillness there came the
soft chime
Of a sweet, haunting melody floating through
time;
And the voice of the speaker was hushed ever-
more—
The meeting of Old Year and New Year was
o'er.
And above the lone hall on the top of the world
The flag of a world-strife forever was furled.

G. D. SANDERS,
Wofford College.

An Episode of the Persian Wars

THE temple of Erechtheus has smouldered
to the ground,
The conquering Persian armies raise their
battle tents around;
And the hill the gods have favored is defiled
by mortal men—
The procession to Eleusis can be never held
again.

The olive of Erechtheus,
'Mid embers of Erechtheus,
Smoke-blackened, blossoms forth to prove the
power of gods Olympian.

The citizens of Athens have scattered far and
wide;
Demeter and Persephone are prayed to, tear-
ful-eyed,
For the image of Iacchus looks upon a site
forlorn:
In the triumph of procession it is now no longer
borne;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And mystiered Eleusis,
Demeter's home, Eleusis,
With empty cave, forsaken plain, of age-old
rites is shorn.

But countless hosts are marching on, beneath
an Attic sky,
And clouds of dust roll up from feet not seen
by mortal eye.
The dead that died for Athens, and the gods
that Athens sway,
Have carried out the ancient rites on the ap-
pointed day.
The dust was seen at Salamis,
At glory-shadowed Salamis,—
Greeks saw the miracle and sailed to battle
from the bay.

LUCILE HARRISON QUARRY,
University of Michigan.

Aunt Prissy's Red Cross Prayer

IF I warn't stiffed-up so with rheumatiz,
An' my ole eyes warn't sort o' blindy-
like, by spells,
I'd join the Red Cross wimmin,
An' I'd sew for them brave boys wot's "over
there."

(I uster sew right smart, once, takin' little-
bitty stitches straighter'n any gal.)
I'd set back in a corner somewheres,
An' sew, and sew, a-making bands and sich,
An' I'd keep thinkin':
"If I'd a-had a boy, he'd be way 'over
there,' doin' his 'bit,' too,—
An' mebbe gone 'acrost the top!' an'—!"
I'd blink to hide the tears,
For I'd feel how 'twould hurt,
And hurt,
To give him up to save the world!—
The world that's somehow's got itself all
tangled up like some fool kitten chas-
ing yarn!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An' then I'd think—

Ah, how much worse it hurts to never had a
boy at all! . . .

Dear God,

Since I'm too stiffed-up with the rheumatiz
to help the Red Cross here;

An' as nobody needs me anywheres, except
jest when some neighbor's baby gets the
croup;

An' seein' I ain't got no folks myself that
cares;—

Please, God,

Say, couldn't You jest hurry up my "time,"

An', if the heavenly transports ain't too full,

Let me go "up there" *now* to help the angels
sew!—

So's none o' them boys'll have to wait

For their new, shiny glory-suits.

(Them angels warn't expectin' any rush, I
know, no more'n was us below.)

An' mebbe, if there'd be

Some boy whose mother hadn't come up yet,

Some tousled little young un, lonely-like, an'

half-afear'd o' all them sapphire palaces
of Paradise—

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Mebbe, God,
You'd sort o' let me see to him awhile,
An' wash the battle-dirt all off his soul,
An' feed him jam I'd make from apples on
the Tree of Life;—
Because, You see,
As much as it'd hurt,
And hurt,
To give my boy to save the world,
It hurts much worse to never had a boy at
all!

HEINRICH LEHR,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Hog Island

ISLAND of Hogs!
Unpicturesque name, whose timeworn con-
notation
Is of things unclean, unwashed;
Of damp dung, old ooze, and weeds with putrid
flowers,
Whose noxious odors exasperate the brain;
A flat floor of mud,
A place for pigs to wallow, with decades
Of snort and slime as its tradition.

Hog Island! Unpicturesque name, with
Activities less picturesque; with industries
electro-active,
With work as unfinished as our Parkway;
With workmen as dirty as our politics,
But far more attractive.
Five carloads a day empty men at Hog Island,
With schedules by steam, by boat, and by
trolley.
Ten thousand laborers dig deep into the belly
of the earth;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Caissons, foundations, plaster, and giant nails!
Black smokestacks paint the white heavens
with soot;

Poundings, shoutings, whistles, riveters and
rivets.

The din of hell shouts that industry is life.
And the river's silent language writes, "Life is
triumphant."

A handful of tall buildings just ache to scrape
the lower sky.

Panorama of speed,
With haste at a premium.

These are the jaws of the power behind the
gun,

With huge teeth in the process of manufacture.

"Rush!" cries the crane, with its weight of
steel girders;

"Rush!" cries a trip-hammer, thumping two
hundred blows to the minute;

"Rush!" cries the floating dredge, biting
chunks of muddy matter

From the bottom of the tide;

"Rush!" cry the pile-drivers, the teamsters,
truckers, freighters,

Diggers, carpenters, machinists, pavers, elec-
tricians,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Linemen, gasmen, foremen,
Clerks, typists, errand-chasers.

And even the feet of the military guard
Move with a quick, forceful, impatient jerk!

This is Hog Island,
Preparing to cut from the metal of life,
Hinges and key
To the Allied Door of Democracy.

HENRY VICTOR GRAHN,
Temple University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Mockery

WAR and Hate;
Kultur and Barbarism;
Coiled in one mad, world-wide night-
mare—

And I cannot hear
The song that falls, a spring-day chant
From a beggar's lips—
Nor hear the rattle of my darkened win-
dow
When the storm-crushed rose fell against it
From without—
Nor the laugh on her lips
For the cry in her heart—

War and Hate—
Crushing blindness and Chaos.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

There is wonder in the Child-heart;
For the reek of blood and flame
Has banished the love of a bird-song—
Has killed the lilt in the heart of the
 flowers—
And barred the gates of Fairy-town.

War and Chaos—

And I cannot hear, since the sound
In the blood-drenched throats of men
Mocks it—
The song that falls, a spring-time chant
From the Beggar's lips!

J. ROBERT PEERY,
*Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical
College.*

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Young Death

O H white falls the light on the flowers
 When dim floats the moon in the
 sky;
Oh white fall the petals of flowers
 When the soft breeze of May quivers by.

And so in the shadow of evening,
 I gaze on your flower-like face—
White as the moon on the flowers—
 Who died to bring peace to the race.

DOROTHY L. WALKER,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Knitter

SUN in my amber needles,
Sun in the yarn.

Always, m'sieur, the chatter of needles?
Mais oui, I've knitted twelve gray sweaters
Since that battle at the Marne.

Sun in my window lilies,—
Like blood, m'sieur, you say?
They bled so, my straight lilies,
The day *Monsieur le cure's* godson
And my brother marched away.

Sun on Pierre's new rifle
At our embrace.
M'sieur, I could not look at Jean's
rifle,—
I hid my eyes in his coat-arm,
And felt his voice on my face.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Sun on the blood-rusted gauzes
That later day, m'sieur.
Our Pierre stretched under gauzes.
Dieu, his eyes had been so beautiful,—
Brown, and deep, and clear.

Sun in these yellow needles,
Sun-warm the yarn.
I live for my friendly needles.
Jean, m'sieur? They left him with his *camarades*
Somewhere by the Marne. . . .

MAVIS CLARE BARNETT,
Wellesley College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Drill

A CROSS a level stretch of sward
The men march by,
And with the wind comes, keen and
clear,
The bugle's cry.

I do not turn aside to see,
I go my way;
I have not stopped to watch them drill
This many a day.

A woman, mine own country's war
Is not for me;
I may not reach the trenches there
Beyond the sea.

And so by windows tightly closed,
Knitting I sit
Who would be fighting, for they say
It helps to knit.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Yet down a level stretch of sward
I know the men march by,
And the whole aching heart of me
Answers the bugle's cry.

CAROLINE GERRISH PICKARD,
University of Missouri.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Dying Briton

ABOVE him clouds are flying by —
Clouds of smoke,
Around him men are lying,
Comrades in his pain,
Beneath him is the frozen sward—
A hell-like place to be.

God! if that fly would but keep still,
Just cease that buzz—buzz—buzzing—
It's stinging me—
I feel its hurt—I'll strike—
Ah! but my hands are gone.
Will you not brush him comrade?
Your hands—they too are gone—
Ah, yes! it was a glorious fight.
But where's the flag? Will no—one—
sp—eak?
Why comrade! when did you come here?
Those hands—they're wounded too—
Your uniform—
Your uniform is white,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Its folds are bloodless as the snow.
Say, comrade, won't you turn your face?
I've seen you once—somewhere
Your face—
Jesus of Nazareth, is it you?

J. H. FULLERTON,
Clark College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Volunteer

COUNTRY o' mine, I have heard your
call
In the war drum's distant beat.
Here is my life—could I offer more
I would lay them all at your feet.

Here is my soul for the white in your flag;
Here is my blood for the red;
Here are my hopes like the stars on the
blue;
Here are my tears for your dead.

Country o' mine—there are deeds to be
done
That a true man cannot spurn;
Though his heart may bleed for those at
home
And he knows he may never return.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

For Freedom must live, though men must
die,
Though bleeding hearts must break;
So here are my hopes, my life, my love—
Take them all for democracy's sake.

WARREN FREDERIC LEWIS,
University of Utah.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Farewell, Old Playmate

PLAYMATE of other hours, farewell!

The leaves of yesterday decay;
Rebirth and death are nature's rule,
Dismiss the old with parting sighs,
Rejoice that morning guilds the new,
And birds are singing, voices laugh.

Playmate of other days, farewell!
Like vines that climb o'er trellises,
Our lives in their full fruitage ripe
May clamber wide apart in time,
But side by side, deep in the soil,
The roots that mem'ry loves are wed.

EGMONT RUSCHKE,
Columbia University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

The Home of My Heart

THERE'S a little gray house in the
midst of a cloud
That floats by the gray green sea,
And the raindrops patter, a pigmy crowd,
On the leaves of the poplar tree.

Within, on the hearth of the home of my
heart,
In the late day's dusky light
Where fire dances, each flaming dart
Is the smile of a friendly sprite.

There's a seat by the window that's broad
and low
Piled high with cushions red;
And the tick of a clock sounds soft and
slow.
Ah, 'tis rest for a weary head.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

From the garden steals in a fragrance
sweet
Of blossoms all misty wet
Mixed with the tang of the salt sea weed
The odor of mignonette.

The door of this little gray house of mine
Is kept by a golden key,
A dream that is tender and clear and fine,
And that dream belongs to me.

LUCILE GOVE,
New Hampshire College.

Fulfilled

THOUGH my hands have not learned to
model
The dreams of a groping mind,
Though my lips have not spoken their
music
And are leaving no songs behind,
Think not that my life has been futile,
Nor grieve for an unsaid word,
For all that my lips might never sing
My singing heart has heard.

I have etched the light on a willow
With neither a plate nor style,
I have made a song of the crescent moon,
And a poem of only a smile.
Are they less because lips could not know
them,
These songs that my heart has known,—
Am I wholly mute who have sung with my
heart,
And sung with my heart alone?

FRANCIS F. HOGAN,
(Written on his sailing for France.)
Carnegie Institute of Technology.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Purita and Sensula

PURITA, the parson's daughter,
Clad in dainty gown of white,
Walking churchward with her father,
Met a red-robed girl one night.
Purita felt sad a moment.
Some kind word she almost said:
Then,—drew back her skirts in passing,
And half-sighing, shook her head:

“O-h! that poor, vain, painted child!
Once, perhaps, her eyes were mild,
And her leering eyes smiled sweet;
Now,—ah, now her wayward feet
Boldly dance death's path's defiled,
Deaf to warnings to retreat.”

But a flock of passing birds
Seemed to drown with song her words:

*“Sensula's a crimson bud!
(Crimson bud is she!)
Sensula is earth's warm blood!
(Earth's warm blood is she!)*

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

*Bursting upward in a flood,
Seeking light above the sod!
Love her, lift her up to God!
(Lift her up to God!)"*

Sensula, the child of pleasure,
Wary roamer of the street,
Had set forth to snare new prizes,
When she met that vision sweet.
Sensula was awed a moment;
New thoughts made her hesitate;
Then she raised her head, defiant,
And cried out in bitter hate:

"How I loathe her white, white clothes!
She who never crushed a rose
'Gainst her bleeding heart in haste!
How I loathe her, coldly chaste
As the Arctic's dazzling snows,
Freezing all who dare its wastes!"

But the flock of passing birds
Seemed to drown with song her words:

*Purita is lily-white!
(Lily-white is she!)
Purita's an angel bright!
(Angel bright is she!)*

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

*Winging down from heav'nly height,
Bringing downward holy light,
To the blind, to give them sight!
(To the blind gives sight!)"*

Each girl soon forgot the other,
Walking far, far distant ways,
One too drunk with wild carousal,
One absorbed in prayer and praise.
Only I the scene remembered,
Seeking answer adequate
Why we puny, short-lived mortals
Are estranged by pride and hate.

Quick are we to see each flaw;
Quick with looks and words to claw
Weaker souls of fellow men;
Each, entrenched in his own fen,
Cries, "My pure ideal's the law!
All that's good lies in my ken!"

And I seem to hear the birds,
Winging skyward, sing these words:

*"Pity cannot save a soul!
(Only love can save!)
Hate cannot destroy a soul!
(Hate digs its own grave!)"*

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

*Love can every wrong control;
Love is life's first, only, goal;
Love makes life divinely whole!
(Loving is life's whole!)"*

Then the dreaming hills awake,
Echoing softly o'er the lake:

*"Only love can save a soul!
(Only love can save!)
Mighty love can save a soul!
(Tender love can save!)
Love can every wrong control;
Love is life's first, only, goal;
Love makes life divinely whole!
(Loving is life's whole!)"*

MARYETTA LEHR,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Monastery

O VER the wall is—home. (My windowed
cell)
Stares at my truancy as if to ask,
“Why should a mission to the town mean this —
A day-long absence in the woods and hills?”
It seems so strange, the monastery there,
So questioning, so alien; but I see
The duties filling up the sunset hour,
Picture the others passing to and fro.
There are long balconies above the court,
With lattice-work that checkers out the sun;
And dark-cowled forms behind stalk up and
down,
Telling their Pater Nosters on the beads.
The court, a still oasis buried deep
Within the monastery’s breast, is green
With slender blades of grass and myrtle leaves,
Where Spring has wantomed in and left a kiss.
Shadows are gathering about the shrines,
The tapers down the halls will soon be lit,
When Father André makes his shuffling round,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Dressing the saints and altars for the night.
I know that silence fills the corridors,
Save when a windy sigh goes rustling through,
A door swings wide, and in the distance hums
A resonant chant—then the door's shut again,
Leaving an echo and a memory.

Here in the grove outside the wall I lie,
Where the last ribbon'd sunlight filters in
Between the saplings; shadows here are bold
And purple, warm as the damp earth under me.
Silence is here, as there; but breathing deep,
Pregnant, alive—not ominous and chill.
I had not meant to loiter here so long—
This means a penance and a fast for me,
Who should be now before the crucifix.
Something like hands has kept me here tonight,
Something in tree and bird and wind and sky,
That would not let me go away again.
I must go back—must throw aside this flower
Tight-crushed within my fingers; when it's
gone

I'll be myself again; and can go back.
Arbutus—it was waiting here for me—
It was not odor—it was suffering
Borne on the breath of April to my soul,
Out of a past long-buried and forgot.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The earthy incense, passion-sweet, rose up,
And passion-painful curled about my heart,
Bringing remembrance of warm years of
Spring,

Filled with arbutus, filled with wind—with life.
And then I digged it, underneath the mould
Laid bare the fragrance of its small pink face,
And held it to me, drinking in the pain.
I could not get enough, it seemed; must strain
To breathe the utmost of the agony in—
Such, I remember now, were love—and death—
And all the aching, mortal things I knew
So long ago.

Ah, it was sweet to taste
That mad and stabbing passion once again,
That wrestling of the flesh and soul to touch
The infinity of beauty crowned with stars!
To find eternity through hungry sense,
That needed God to be quite satisfied!
I felt it all again; the throbbing surge
That used to stir me like an organ-peal
Thrilling into the cloister; life aflame,
Calling me, world to man, and God to man—
Daring to fight, despite the suffering!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Arbutus — poignant — crushed between my
palms—

Burning my heart out with the love of life—

I must go back—the vesper bell has rung—
Twilight is filling up the grove; the stars
Are showing past the monastery dome
Like an old painting. Father André's there,
Holding the lamp above the gate. I'll go,
And take my chastisement as is my due—
I'll leave the arbutus here—I have been mad—

MARJORIE KINNAN,
University of Wisconsin.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Cry

IT comes from the dark of a cloud,
Ruffling the water to gray,
With a sea-swept wind from the cool north
east
Closing the day.

It comes from the depth of a land
Torn, and bleeding, and old,
With the biting sharpness of wind-blown
sand—
A tale never told.

It comes from the heart of men,
Vanquished, triumphant, and wild,
A cry that is lost in the crashing of war,
The cry of a child.

DOROTHY GRAFLY,
Wellesley College.

Mammy's Christmas Lullaby

HUSH, ma little pickininny,
Listen to de wind dat roar
Through de chinkin' ob de cabin
An' de keyhole in de door.

Sh— its time yo' wuz a' sleepin'
Close does big black starry eyes.
Mammy tell yo' bout ole Santa
Dat libes way up in de skyes.

He's acomin' round tomorrow,
When de golden sun am dead.
An' ma little pickininny's
Sleepin' in his cozy bed.

He's acomin' wif his reindeers—
Down de chimley he will creep
An' will fill ma baby's stockin's
Wif good things—while he's asleep.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Hush now, mammy's colored baby—
Whats dat noise dat I done hear?
Sh— it might be dea' ole Santa
Wif his reindeers drawin' near.

Listen—wot, yo' still awake chile?
Lawsy! what will mammy do!
Close yo' eyes dis very minnit
Er some goblin will git yo!

Hush, now baby, quit yo' cryin'
Listen now, an' mammy sing
Dat ole song we hear at meetin',
"Jesus, to de Cross I Cling."

Dere, now, baby, yo' is sleepin'
Droopin' is yo' kinky head,
Mammy lay him softly down now
In his little trundle bed.

Oh Lord, keep ma little baby,
Eber pure and eber sweet.
Help his mammy always keep him
Kneelin' at de Christ Chile's feet.

R. S. STEPHEN,
Oberlin College.

Nid-Nod

NOW the shadows longer grow,
Nid-nod, nid-nod.
Twinkling stars first come, then go,
Nid-nod, nid-nod.
Now the Sandman scatters sand,
With a drowsy, lavish hand
So hie away to Nid-Nod Land.

Now the birds are all asleep,
Nid-nod, nid-nod,
So the shepherds and their sheep,
Nid-nod, nid-nod.
All the children, white and brown,
In their cradles cuddled down,
Float away to Nid-Nod Town.

Then the moon comes out on high,
Nid-nod, nid-nod,
And hangs her lantern in the sky,
Nid-nod, nid-nod.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In the merriest place of all
Children roll the rainbow ball
Far adown the Nid-Nod Hall.

THELMA LUCILE LULL,
Cornell College.

A Forgotten Birthday

MY brother's birthday came today,
The first he's ever missed,
And somewhere up in Heaven
He is waiting to be kissed.

'Cause that's the way my mother does;
Without a tiny sound
She tiptoes in and wakes us up
And kisses all around.

She gives us one for every year,
With twenty for good measure;
Hugs us awful tight and says,
"You're Mommy's little treasure."

But now I guess that she forgets,
'Cause other birthdays, why,
She'd pat his curly head and laugh:
She never used to cry.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And somehow I begin to think,
Unless the angels bake,
Why I'm afraid her little boy
Won't have a birthday cake.

And then it seems to me so mean,
That, when a feller's seven,
He can't have a birthday,
Just because he's up in heaven.

I guess when I am sent to bed,
I'll make a little prayer,
And if I say it loud enough
They'll hear it way up there.

Dear God, please give to little Jim
The things that he most misses,
A seven-candle birthday cake
And mother's birthday kisses.

EDWARD V. KILLEEN, JR.,
Holy Cross College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Infidelitas*

I

I HEAR the wind in the maple tops
Shriek like a black witch, while the
snow
Comes to the window, where it stops
To melt in tears, and go.

My father broods in the hearth-fire light
With never a word, though mother and I
Sit by his side; she holds me tight
And I can feel her cry.

II

We took the lower path
Along the shallow creek today,
Mother and I alone.
The hills of snow had fled away;

* This poem won the "Emerson Prize" of \$120 at Ohio University, Athens, O. This prize is given every two years from a fund of \$1000 left by W. D. Emerson of the class of 1838.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The willows were in bud;
The jonquil shoots were growing long;
A ragged robin sang
For us a timid, hopeful song.

When we were home again
And when the evening lamp was lit,
I asked what he had sung,
But mother had forgotten it.

III

My mother sits and wrings her hands
Beside her crimson curtained bed,
And does not hear me when I say
The poppies in the yard are red.

She does not know they are in bloom;
They blossomed only yesterday.
I think she has forgotten them
Because my father stays away.

Sometimes I climb upon her knees,
And we both cry beside the bed—
I know! I'll pluck a poppy now
So she can see that they are red.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

IV

Some boys have built a fire of maple leaves
Beside the fir tree hedge across the street;
The yellow light goes down and down the wall
And over where the crimson curtains meet.

I pulled the curtains shut, for when the flames
Slipped in and touched my mother's hair to
gold,
Just as King Midas might, she sighed and
moved.

I wonder why her face is thin and old.

CLARENCE C. LIGGETT,
Ohio University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Hymn

I WOULD be still, Oh God of Solemn Peace!
I would be still, and let my striving cease;
Still as a night when star-light fills the air
I would be still, Oh Silencer of Care!

Still as the fall of windless worlds of snow,
Still as the strength majestic mountains know;
I would be still, Oh God of Joy Divine!
I would be still and make Thy spirit mine.

ALICE B. SPENCER,
Macalester College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Lines to an Atheist Friend

DEAR friend of mine, I thank you now,
And tell you from a heart at rest;
Although the stones were sharp, I vow
That your relentless way was best.
And though you feel your labor was in vain,
Grieve not, for I have counted well the gain.

You led me to the canyon's haze
Of questions, anguish and despair;
With iron hand impelled me gaze—
Took childish trust, and left me there;
The broken staff you coolly tossed aside,—
“Lean on yourself” you said, “You need no
guide.”

The swift, cold waters of your thought
Swept creed and dogma quite away;
Set my religion all at nought,
Yet faith forbade my lips to say
“It is a dream most pleasant to believe,—
But Science and the facts do not deceive.”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My minister, you offered me
The true baptism of the mind.
Your work done, now you wait to see
If I with reason may not find
The comfort of her science; can I say,
“There is no God,—I have no need to pray!”

You cross your arms and view this task
With pleasure, feel that it is good;
Pretension, form, religion’s mask
Are gone, and as a blind man would—
Bewildered, frightened, groping for the day—
You see me look in vain for light, one ray.

Then, bleeding, crouched upon the rocks
In fear that bids me not cry out,—
“For who can hear?” my teacher mocks,
And reason echoes back the doubt.
I fear to look about me, or above,—
Can I rise up and live without God’s love?

Came One, stood o’er the shivering form;
Compassion, love, surrounded me;
His arms encircled, held me warm,—
He calmed my fears, and bade me see.
My old faith stood in something new arrayed,
And I saw Christ; I met Him—unafraid.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

You scorn my proofs and call me child;
I care not, for we both do fall
In worship not to be reviled,
To Him who notes our every call,—
Heeds not if Fact or Reason be the name,
Or Truth, or God,— He answers just the same.

I thank you, doubting friend of mine
Although my way you know not of;
If my content could but be thine,—
If you could know this perfect love,—
You would not mock me as I glean the tide—
The pearl I found was one you cast aside.

ROWENA LOWERY CAHILL,
Baylor University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Whither?

THE stars are close tonight,
Thoughts in the book of time;
Yet veiled unto my sight
The page sublime:

For weary waters flow
Into a bending sky,
Murmuring far and low,
"Eternity."

Ever the sad sweet ache,
The tender questing pain,
The dim doubts that awake
Nor sleep again.

Ahead, an ocean bleak;
Behind, the barren sand.
Alas, for them that seek
To understand.

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE,
Dartmouth College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY! A game, no more; yet such
As dwarfs all other games to nothingness,
That plays with aeons in its daring touch,
With stars for pawns, infinity to span.
Philosophy! A game for gods, no less,
That leaves man beaten, but a greater man.

CARTER L. GOODRICH,
Amherst College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Until Reveille

***I**N the realms of the Infinite Silence, in the
kingdom of Utter Space,
There stands the host of the wraith and ghost,
each in his rank and place,
Who wait till Doom shall call them to hell or
the Heavenly Face.*

Here at the bounds of Time and Space, which
God's great sentries are,
Beyond a memory of the moon and the wake of
the outmost star,
Comes the soundless tread of those who were
sped, when the world went out to war.

They come with the swing of myriad heels, and
the slant of a million swords,
The men who freely bartered life to bolster a
monarch's words,
And the mangled chain of the common-slain are
ranked as their worth affords.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

From the harvesting to the Harvester, and never
to understand;
A wedge of flesh with a path to thresh, the club
of the brain that planned,
And dragged and dank are they that sank in
the fight off Hel'goland.

Endless, aye, as the ocean swells, the shade-bat-
talions tramp,
They who died by hill and tide, the dead of
field and swamp,
To where the souls of the wars of Time are
massed in phantom camp.

Where the thought of man has ventured not,
by the springs of heaven's blue,
Where Space holds sway untrammelled, they
sweep in a grand review.
And the Roman eagles swing on high, that the
dead may have their due.

As the crest of that flame-tried line goes by,
haggard and wan and spent,
With the raveled rags of their battle-flags by
the steel of the Great War rent,
The shakoed Guard of the Corsican stands at the
full present.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On they stride to the pallid camp, where the
ghost-tents stand in rows,
Wherein shall they bide until that tide when the
Last Reveille blows,
To sound the souls to the Justice Seat, as the
world to judgment goes.

When the molten earth rots into the dark, and
the planets jostle and reel,
When the stars are ripped from their sockets,
in a cry as of riven steel,
The warrior dead will seek their bed of eternal
woe or weal.

*Where the Void is mantled in Silence, in the
realm of Utter Space,
There stands the host of the wraith and ghost,
each in his rank and place,
Who wait till Doom shall summon them to hell
or the Heavenly Face.*

EDWARD EUSTACE,
Fordham University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

My Firstborn

I LOVE Thee, Babe of Mystery,
And wonder whence Thou art;
How camest Thou, unheralded,
To lie beneath my heart?

I love Thee, Child of Happiness,
And now that Thou art here
Thou openest the final door
And Motherhood is near.

I love Thee, Child of Passion-Love;
Thou bringest joy to me;
Love gave to me a crystal gem
To love and cherish—Thee.

I love Thee, Unborn Little One;
Thou comest to beguile
The dreary days of sorrowing
And give my Love a smile.

WARREN C. VINING,
Wheaton College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Ship of Souls

IN a riot of dancing and dreaming
There is drifting along to the sea
A vessel of gossamer, teeming
With souls who are glad to be free;
With souls who are tired of serving,
Who are weary of dogma and guide,
And motley the throng that is going along,
And motley the fancies they hide.

There are youths who are filled with the rapture
Of seeking unfindable things;
And maidens with nets, who would capture
The rainbow from butterfly wings;
There are vagrants and shallow believers
And men who accumulate gold,
And all they would do is to search for the new,
For they sicken of things that are old.

There are wise men a-seeking the novel,
And hoary with whims of their own;
Who would trade heaven's halls for a hovel
Because they have built it alone;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

And philosophers warped from their learning
To paths where no morals impede,
Who persuade not a few to relinquish the true
Because of an easier creed.

And lo! In the midst of their revels
There thunders the roar of the sea —
And its waves, like a legion of devils,
Play madly with scattered débris.
And the unchanging stars keep their watches
While the waves croon a sentiment odd:
“There is no other end than love of a friend,
And the limitless pity of God!”

ERNEST E. BLAU,
Georgetown College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Zoo, Lincoln Park, Chicago

I

THE MONKEY

YOU stand before the cage.
You grin,
For I'm a monkey
Small and squat and thin.

Oh I am funny!
Only see!
My tail can balance me
Quite perfectly!

You grin and grin
Without the bars.
What do you know
Of cocoanuts and stars?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

II

THE ELEPHANT

An elephant led from afar,
The gem of all the zoo! Yet I
Gaze wistfully, with shaking trunk,
At little birds. Would I could fly!

III

THE MANDRILL

One day a hundred thousand years ago,
While cogitating on the universe,
A sunset spilled itself upon my face
And spattered me in yet another place,
Then let me live,—for better or for worse!

GENEVA W. HARRISON,
Vassar College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To an Immigrant Girl

BETWEEN the man and woman slept a
child,
Round and relaxed her little body lay,
That would be worn and bent like theirs some-
day.
The dull light on her cheeks made patches
quaint
And underneath her eyelids shadows faint,
Touching her lashes wet with unshed tears.
My heart cried to her down the crowding
years. . . .
For all the nights she would be lying so,
For roads those dangling feet might find too
steep,
How often in the land she was to know
Would she be crying as she fell asleep?

RACHEL LYMAN FIELD,
Radcliffe College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

To a Madonna

MARY,
I see the still, rapt, wonder of your face,
The holy purity, the heavenly grace
That floods your virgin brow with angel's light;
Enfolded by your sacred tenderness,
The babe lies cradled in your soft caress;
You sit
Enthroned in rapture, with your prayerful eyes
In deep communion with the starry skies;
The golden halo shimmers 'round your head,
The radiant peace of motherhood is spread
And hovers o'er your presence, calm and bright.

Mary,
You knew the little Jesus, Son of God,
Must walk the shadowed way the martyrs trod:
You bore him to a world that knew him not.
Yet from the dreaded future's dark abyss,
You seized a few brief hours of perfect bliss;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And then
You waited, sad at heart, until the doom
That sealed your Christ-child in the Easter
tomb;
But in your mother's grief your pure faith
soared, —
You knew him at his birth the Christ and Lord,
For you remembered, when the world forgot.

FLORA HOTTES,
University of Illinois.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Lullaby

SLEEP, little child of elfin charms,
Little sunbeam child of the morning
light,
Heart of the noon-day, dew of the night,
Sleep in my arms.

Rest, little child, my heart's delight,
Little child whose eyes like petals close,
Song of the nightingale, breath of the rose,
Rest through the night.

Dream, little child as I softly sing,
Little snowdrop child of Winter's cold,
Music of Summer, Autumn's gold,
Dream of the Spring.

Wake, little child, my hope, my all,
Little promise child of the star-eyed skies,
Lamb of my bosom, light of my eyes,
Wake when I call.

MARY CARVER WILLIAMS,
College for Women, Western Reserve University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Boy Soprano

HE had a charming, elfin boyishness
With teasing, laughing, loving eyes
And ruddy hair and sturdy confidence.
When he sang it was like sunshine on mottled
hills where there are daisies;
Like thrush's notes in purple weeds beside old
roads;
Rain among the daffodils;
A song set on fire in the air,
Dipping, rippling, swooping down into a shadow
world.

MARION L. BYRNS,
The Western College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

To a Violinist

DARTING elves, as light as milkweed down,
Spied thee, a dusky child, and kissed thy
lips;
Their dewy eyes looked deep into the brown
Of thine; they deftly touched thy finger tips
That they might dance as swift as elfin feet
Upon thy violin; they hummed near thee
The lilting strains thou playest, madly sweet.
Love smiles on thee, with gypsy eyes and free,
Bright-robed as poppy fields at ruddy morn,
Melodious as spring. And Sorrow turns
To thee with saddened eyes, all piteous worn,
With wailings cadenced as the wind she yearns.
Ah, thou hast bidden Love and Sorrow in —
I hear their singing in thy violin!

KATHARINE S. HAYDEN,
Oberlin College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My House

MY mind is a dusty house,
And through each room I go
Sweeping and dusting with patient care,
Each corner that I know.

But fast as I freshen the walls,
And scrub the floors white,
More dust sifts in and spots my rooms,
Though I shut each window tight.

Someday, I shall drop my broom,
Throw wide every window I see,
Run from my house, and the sun and the wind
Will sweep it clean for me.

FLORA TARISSA MERCER,
The Western College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

The Mastery

FIRST VOICE

I AM Peace and Rest and Sleep,
Drowsy Calm upon the deep,
Curling smoke and nodding trees,
Voiceless streams and summer breeze,
Ancient hills, and towns that lie
Beneath a warm and silent sky.
I am snow upon a plain.
I am softly dripping rain.
I am sleep that never dreams.
I am light that never gleams.
I am Peace and Slumber, deep.
I am Quiet. I am Sleep.

SECOND VOICE

I am the Spirit of Hurry and Haste
That sweeps over cities and sweeps over waste,
Whirling the leaves and driving the stars,
Puffing the clouds and breathing out wars.
I am the breath
Of black storms of death,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Seething and groaning,
Howling and moaning
Over the sea.
I am the flow
Of rivers that go
Rippling and rushing
Roaring and flushing
Down to the sea.
I am the Spirit that sweeps over lands,
Seizing the centuries in ruthless hands.
I am unrest,
Despised and unblest,
Tearing up peace,
Till time shall cease.
I am the passion that seizes the mind,
Sudden and swift as the head-strong wind.
I am Hurry, and I am Haste.
I sweep over city and sweep over waste.

THIRD VOICE

I am the Spirit of Time that sways
The silent nights, the sunny days.
And ever since the start of things,
I've swept by on my restless wings.
I bend my eyes upon the earth
To look on death, and look on birth.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

I see the sleeping towns that lie
Beneath the warm and silent sky.
And, beckoning with my moving arm
Along the sky, I sound alarm.
I call to Hurry, I call to Haste,
Sweeping over the mountain waste.
I point my skinny finger down
Upon the lazy, thoughtless town.
I watch the Spirit of Wild Unrest
Tearing the trees from the village breast.
I laugh at the storm. I laugh at the waste
Of the lightning Spirit of Hurry and Haste.
And when the hills are a mass of death,
I call on Peace, with its gentle breath,
To blow its summer breeze along,
And start again its drowsy song.
I am the Spirit of Time that sways
The silent nights, the sunny days.

FOURTH VOICE

New days will come and older ones will go.
The rivers will sweep on in ceaseless flow.
The stars will lighten in the evening skies,
Because I am, and always I am wise.
Before Time was, and after Time shall be,
Endlessly and always I am He.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Ten thousand years are as the flight of birds
Across the evening sky. And kingly words
Are vain. I watch Time beckon with his arm
Across the quiet sky to sound alarm.
I see the days of Peace and savage Haste
Succeed in turn with plenty and with waste.
The very hills that sleep in snow at morn
At night are lying ripped by shells and torn.
I lift my hand for Time to start his day.
And with my hand I summon Time away.
Full well I know that nothing changes there,
Though days are foul and other days are fair.
Peace, Haste, and Time obey my call.
For I am He, the Ever, and the All.

RUTH WENZLICK ABBOTT,
The Western College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Ode to the Muse

I HAVE ever praised thy name, O Singer of
Songs.

In the hush of the blinding dawn in my barefoot
days,

Knee-deep in the fields dew-cool where the robin
sings,

And the daisy wakes,

And the swallow, mad with the morning, swoops
and swings,

Dropping bright rain of rippling song and
shakes

Joy from his wings,

Touched in my dumb child-soul and set apart

In the lonely ways,

Aching and tense,

Knowing thy Presence,

In my inarticulate heart

I have sung thy praise.

But thou with gracious head mist-veiled and
bent

Hast turned as from an unworthy instrument.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I have ever sung thy praise, O Singer of Songs.
In the foolish pride of my youth, in the heat
of noon

When the roses scented the morning, trembling
sweet,

And the buttercups gilded my feet,
And the bumble-bees booming amid the clover
Said to the brooding birds, "The June is over,"
And close on the heels of June
The hot hay-winds from the meadows made
reply

With a breath of July,
Proud of my towering strength,
Feeling at length
Sure of my wings,
Apart in the lonely ways,
Secure in a sense of the beauty of things
With my uncouth tongue I have sung thy praise.

But thou disdainfully thy head hast bent
And turned as from an unworthy instrument.

Bewildered with grief, weary into the night
Down the long roads of darkness I have strayed,
Hearing no sound although to left and right
In the writhing trees the battling storm wind
swayed;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Blind though the north was kindled with the
light

Of flashing swords in tournament arrayed,
And underneath the arching ferns there might
be seen

Fireflies like fairy lamps wandering through
the green

In vague, uncertain flight;

Miserable with pain,

Sick with uneasy thoughts, regrettings vain,

Lost and afraid,

I knew no sight nor sound when lo! again

Upon my throbbing senses drawn and tense

Stole the sweet comforting of thy presence,

Stole a sweet comforting without a name,

As of one who came

And touched with gentle hands of perfect art

The dumb strings of my heart,

Waking them into speech, misery's dull release,

Waking them into peace,

Life and content,

As though, O hidden Singer, thou hadst leant
An instant o'er thine instrument.

O Singer of Songs, eternal, beyond praise
Or Fame.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In the chill winter of the last lone days
My tongue shall speak thy name,
Great beyond greatness, fair beyond all art,
Knowing that life has given me too much
That for a breath thy lute-strings of my heart
Have answered to thy touch,
That for one flying hour thy breath has stirred
To melody unheard
This heart, else dumb,
And that thy hand has leant
For one brief, perfect hour upon thine instrument.

DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE,
Vassar College.

My Free Soul

I AM a pagan.
I awake in the red dawn
And breathe the vital chill of distilled vapors
In the morning air.
Stepping from my window to the grassy lawn
I bathe my feet in their dewed blades.
I think me of my mountain lair
Where my wild soul pervades
The solitude of peaks as a wild goat capers.
On silent Sundays I take myself alone
And scale the mountain sides,
In leaps and bounds and clutching roots of
plants
Where rocky steepes beset my way.
I pluck flowers to crush them with an eager
moan
Upon my pagan lips. My laughter rides
On winged vultures to infinity; and cruel chance
Frightens a chipmunk cross my path, to stay
One palpitating moment, long enough for my
sure stone
To plunk the life from his tense, wire-limbed
body.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Virtue is a sordid thing to me.
All the world down past the heights are shoddy ;
I do not mind, my sadistic soul knows not excess.
I am saturnine with gone-wild hot desires.
No savage ever shrieked his lustful war cry
Higher than my pitched cry defiant to the uni-
versal God.
Life is all impulse to me, each passing fancy
new rebirth
That gives my flaming blood desires to express
Recreantly, until even my reckless spirit tires.
Mighty rocks crash down the mountain's side
from high
On peaks where my faun-like step darts me, and
my rod
Is a young mountain ash torn from fresh mother
earth.

I am a pagan,
And the reddest sun that sears its love
On wooed flower, chaste but for his violation,
Conforms to other wills more abjectly than I.
I use my fellow mortals for my pagan wishes
And hurl them from me when they cease to
please me.
I am a clean-limbed beast as fair as gods above,
Adorable in all my heathen perturbation.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

I am cruel as eternity is long, as sky is high.

Having dreamed, I roll lazily on my soft pillow,
Till my eyes open, seeing the clock,
Which warns me that I shall be late to teach
Foolish children who are a little contemptuous
of me.

But I am a pagan; My thoughts sway as a
windblown willow
And I think bold thoughts, but to earn a living
I must lock

My red young impulses deep within me.
I am a fearless pagan in my reckless thoughts.

R. MENZIES MCALMON,
University of Southern California.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Renunciation

O H, love, you sometime might have had and
held

A sovereign sway in this sad heart of mine
As sorceresses in the days of eld
Were wont their noble captives to confine.

But you were proud and starry-cold,
Your laughter chilled my spirit bold
And quenched the fires of Vesta on her shrine.

Yes, love, my lusty youth was in your grasp :
With all the ardor of the promised man,
You could have curbed me with the golden clasp
Of love, as only such a woman can.

My freedom may be dearly bought:
The years may show the battle, fought
For you were far more worthy than your ban.

Yet, love, whatever ravening years may send,
To me has been the glory of the trial :

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

I carry with me to life's lonely end
The magic memory of your thrilling smile.
When sunset from the hills has fled
I'll hasten to my loamy bed
With love no searing scandal can defile.

JOHN EDWARD HOLMES,
Milton College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Fulfilment*

HOW often, where the strong-armed west
wind shakes
My homeland hills, I've walked and longed for
you!
How often, by clear, star-reflected lakes
Or lone sand-spaces by the ocean's blue
I've yearned to kiss your brows and prove you
mine!

And now the time of dreams come true is here:
The night shall be no longer desolate;
For down the slope of every wide-rimmed year
You will walk with me, to the white-barred
gate
That welcomes us unto the All-divine.

And not in vain, O Love of Dreams, have been
The years of waiting, and the long desire
Unsatisfied, for day by day the keen
Edged, new-old joy of winning you is fire
Upon the altars that my soul calls mine.

*Companion piece to "Renunciation," by John Edward Holmes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Yes, now the torches in the temple flame;
The priests march in, and chanting, gravely
wheel

To pray within the incense of your name;
And in the solemn quiet I can feel
Your sanctifying presence in the shrine.

CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER,
University of Wisconsin.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Said of Richard II

“**H**E would have been a poet if he had not
been a king.”

Swinburne thinks, and I think too, it were a
fairer thing

To gather in one slender song the riches of the
world

And so to sing —

(Go, sell your shoes and your brown coat,

And buy a silver trumpet,

And roam along the broad highway

With all who chance upon it,

And tell right lustily your lay

Till every carter knows it—

So roam with others along the way,

Trumpeting, trumpeting all the day

And sing, and sing your wealth away

As doth become a poet —)

Than to sit in majesty upon a yellow throne,

High above the rest—therefore alone.

GERTRUDE R. LEVY,

Goucher College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Faith

WHEN that hour before my spirit steals,
In ghastly garments, when the vacant sky
Unfolds no glimpse of Heaven, shall I cry
My fears, embodied in my soul's appeals?

What if the austere solitude reveals
The ghost of death unto my tawny eye!
Shall I bear on? On with a manly sigh,
Remembering you, when death my days conceals.

Yea, if my dying hours are wrought of fire,
And if each moment lengthens to a day,
I shall not falter in my breath's release.
I shall not murmur ev'n when I retire—
Forlorn— when silently I steal away,
Remembering God's human masterpiece.

JAMES SINCLAIR,
Tulane University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Prayer

O FATHER, whose all-seeing eye
The mighty universe doth scan,
Whose hand doth guide unnumbered worlds
Within one vast celestial plan,
Guide Thou our feet that blindly stray
In paths obscure and ways untrod;
Show us Thy will and help us walk
Within it, O our Father, God!

The world is fair, O Mighty One,
Which Thou with Thine own hand hast made,
With mountain steep and fruited plain,
With restless wave and flowering glade;
But man has crossed Thy will divine,
And wrapped the world in bitter sin.
O Master, teach us what to do
To let Thy blessed Spirit in.

Dear Father, we would gladly serve,
Could we but recognize Thy call—
The task seems hard, the way so steep,
And we so weak and prone to fall.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Open our eyes that we may see,
And know the workings of Thy plan,
That each may do his share to bring
Mankind to God, and God to man.

MARION EMERETT COLMAN,
Florida State College for Women.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

If There Be God

IF there be God? Ah, God has given thee
Whate'er thou needst for comfort. It shall
come

Across unbroken spaces from the stars;
And thou shalt find it in the freedom of
The winds; the steadfastness of ancient hills;
The victory of sunrise; tenderness of dusk;
The everlastingness of running waters.
And if, to-morrow, thy tired soul should take
Its flight across unending space, to some
Clear-shining star, where God shall give thee
vision

Of the Truth, thou wilt be happy, knowing
That thou still mayst be a part of all
That thou hast loved. Or if the end should be
Forgetfulness—a sleep untroubled by
A dream—unshadowed by a grief or pain—
A sleep so deep, so tranquil, that thy soul
Should drift out silently, and lose itself
In that eternal harmony of Life
And Death—What greater gift? Why needst
thou fear?

HELEN SMITH,
Mount Holyoke College.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

At a Grave

ASHES. . . .
She liked the white things: the pilgrim
snowdrop
That braves the frost and seeks the early
Spring; I know
She watched its coming that last month;
And when the snow had curved its turrets tall,
and when she knew
The end was near, she did not sigh—
She must have missed the flower:
The nicotina, sick with its perfume,
Was wont to feel her wakening kiss, and when
the lily,
Puritan, saintly, was brought into her room,
She breathed a hymn of happiness:
Well do I mind
Her gown was white, and so the favored rose
That slumbered in her hair and parodied her
soul;
That cannot sleep.
She liked the white things. I,
I like the red, the bitter red
That burns in blackness.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

She liked the stars, the silver stars
That light celestial avenues and swim
In trembling rivers; and the moon,
The great pale orb that scorns my soul,
She thought it was a lake, a cool and chiming
lake
Where angels choired. She sings there now,
methinks,
Such songs as angels sing when they have
loved—
And love no more.
She liked the stars. I,
I like the earth, the mouldy earth
That spins in blackness.

She was not meant to sip from greenish
pools
That gloat on death, nor go astray
Where nightly beasts cry out for sacrifice
And circle pits where darkness would be
shamed;
Her feet were shaped for rainbow paths,
For wheaten plains, for lakes that sleep
In flowered chalices. How like a song she
walked,
Clad in the light of love, her love for me!
It was her only sin.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

She was not meant to sip from greenish pools.

I,

I am meant for life, for errant life

That ends in blackness. Dear God!

Let me, too, learn to like

The white things and the stars. . . .

Ashes!

GRANT C. KNIGHT,

Albright College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Continuance

I SHALL exist in Avalon;
And though the world may travel on
Through the longer roads of younger lives,
I shall not fear oblivion,
Nor envy feel for any one
Who, after I have met my death, survives.

For I have made my life from dreams
Of starlit mists and blurred moonbeams
As haunting as a far cathedral's peal
That drifts across enchanted streams:
Thus have I built a world that seems
More real than one of stone alone, or steel.

Since I can make a dream, for me,
More true than truth itself, and be
An unbound prisoner of this existence,
Then shall my dream not cease to be
When I have found obscurity
And lost the world in unremembered distance.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

From some smoke-clouded city dawn
In time, in space, I shall be gone
 To where I have lived so long: where
 dreaming thrives—
For I shall live in Avalon
Although the world still travels on
 Along the untrod roads of other lives.

ROYALL SNOW,
Harvard University.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Ould Irish Landlord*

MASTHER av the lands was he — cud till
it be the looks av him,
A-walkin' lightly down the sthreet — his black-
thorn stick in hand,
Tipped his hat to all av us — not a whit o'
pride in him,
A kindly twinkle in his eye, beloved by all the
land.

Ever singin' gaily — an Irish lilt upon his
tongue,
A penny fur the childer — an' a smile fur all
galore. . . .
Will do I remimber him — his goodness was on
ivery tongue,
But now — the twinkle in his eye has died for
ivermore.
Many's a year he's dead now — many's an' eye
was wet for him;
A grand ould Irish gintleman — the grandest in
the land,

* Reprinted from the "Bookman," February, 1918.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

An' niver more we'll see him—the kindly
 laughin' eyes o' him. . . .
—He's walkin' down the golden road—his
 blackthorn stick in hand.

CARL J. McDONALD,
St. Francis Xavier College.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Whither?*

*"Veut on savoir d'où nous venons
La chose est très facile;
Mais pour savior où nous irons
Il faudrait être habile."*

— *Balzac.*

I

AFTER a thousand winters earth is fair,
After a thousand wars the violets blow,
And all the melody we may not know,
And all the shadowy music of despair
Thrill in a pulse of lark-enamored air. . . .
We drone the little dirges of our woe,
We build a precipice in every throe —
And bleed — and yet the spring is everywhere!

O high unheeding heart of beauty, hail!
Tethered from doubt to doubt we cry to thee
For solace and a gleam upon the trail
That leads from mystery to mystery:
Reveal the face, and though it dull with frown,
Even our agony shall seem a crown!

* Awarded the "Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize" in 1918.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

II

Ocean lay argosied with fire, as morn
Leaped through the stars of spray, and every
breeze

Kindled to hear the mystic melodies
Where spring at many a dewy-tasseled horn
Was bugling buds of music. . . . How forlorn
Seemed earth a moment since! And now the
trees

Blow, and the gleaming vanguard of the bees
Hums the green triumph of the grass reborn!

Even the haggard trenches feel the stir
Of little laughters rippling through the ground:
Strange and imperishable gossamer
Blurring hard eyes with gladness; while the
sound

Of metal hissing through the shattered air
Finds a frail violet opening as in prayer.

III

Life is no sleep: though in the bud it be
A sleep and a forgetting, yet the bloom
Is blithe with many a challenge to the gloom
Of caverned ways winding eternally. . . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

How splendidly may leap the last decree
Even over the barrier of the tomb
If only by the deed beyond all doom
We flower but once for tear-lit eyes to see!

Let us be men together through the night
Where every beaten hope is as a star:
Our foreheads we will diadem with might,
Our tears shall grace the guerdon of a scar;
And whence we come and whither we may go
Only the Spirit of that night shall know!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER,
Harvard University.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-18

Exit

S HALL I steal out at dawn when men are
sleeping,
Chilled by the wind, wet with the morning
dew,—
I and the white mist through the valley creeping,
Borne out upon the wind in no man's view!

Or shall I at the closing of some day
Stand silhouetted on the western glow,
And wave my friends farewell and go away,
Knowing their eyes are wet to see me go!

WILLIAM A. NORRIS,
Harvard University.

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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Other Poems of Distinction

AMHERST COLLEGE

To E. S.

R. Van Auken Sheldon

BARNARD COLLEGE

Salvation

Dorothy Graffe

Chained

Amy S. Jennings

Sun-Music

Margaret Rothschild

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Sonnet Suggested by Lenbach's

Shepherd Boy

Mary Maxwell Armstrong

Elizabeth

Madeleine Dwight Skinner

Dear Lord, Our Father

Polly Smith

Prisms

Flora Eleanor Wells

BROWN UNIVERSITY

A Priceless Trio

Oscar Benjamin King

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

The Jewel

Betty M. Weaver

CARLISLE SCHOOL

Nobody's Dog

Lo Verigan

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It's the Vagabond Me	<i>Sara Bennett</i>
Thanksgiving	<i>Mildred Reece</i>
The Insect	<i>A. B. Williamson</i>

CLARK COLLEGE

Juliette; a Miniature	<i>Ralph C. Brierly</i>
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COE COLLEGE

April	<i>Shirley Holcomb</i>
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COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

A Woodland Reverie	<i>Rachel Hope</i>
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COLLEGE OF WOOSTER

Divine Right	<i>Benj. N. Adams</i>
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COLORADO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The Team That Used to Be	<i>Bernard L Flanagan</i>
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COLORADO COLLEGE

Soldiers of Fortune	<i>Thomas Hornsby Ferril</i>
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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Dorothy	<i>Guerra Everett</i>
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CONVERSE COLLEGE

A Heart's Cry	<i>Helen Russell</i>
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CORNELL COLLEGE

Oriole	<i>Pearl Palmer</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

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The Chimes	<i>James Ward Dalton</i>
The Poet's War	<i>L. E. Kittredge</i>
To Poetry	<i>William Mahl</i>
To Liberty's Child	<i>William Shack</i>
To a Butterfly	<i>Richard N. Thompson</i>

COTNER UNIVERSITY

Our True Blue Boy	<i>Julia Cottier</i>
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DECATUR COLLEGE

The College Home Coming	<i>Margaret M. Cloyd</i>
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DENISON UNIVERSITY

My Comrade	<i>Ava Ballou</i>
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DE PAUL UNIVERSITY

Old Tunes and Old Faces	<i>Lewis W. Britton</i>
Things That Was Wuster	<i>Margaret Ell</i>

EARLHAM COLLEGE

To Phyllis	<i>Mildred E. White</i>
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FARGO COLLEGE

1918	<i>P. Hewison Pollock</i>
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FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

The Battle of Manila Bay	<i>James E. Collins</i>
The Sodality Service Flag	<i>John J. Dillon</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

When	<i>Arthur E. J. Gordon</i>
Till Tomorrow	<i>Ralph Lennon</i>
Spring Rain	<i>John C. McCarthy</i>

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE

The Growing Revelation	<i>Jacob De Hart Wentzel</i>
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GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

A Soldier's Plea	<i>Francis J. Kelly</i>
The Lamp-Man	<i>Harry T. McGarry</i>

GOUCHER COLLEGE

The Portrait	<i>Travis Bade</i>
Sunset	<i>Corinne Cassard</i>

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

The Worker's Reward	<i>J. B. Cunningham</i>
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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Danny	<i>S. B. Colby</i>
The Wanderer	<i>S. B. Colby</i>
The Overtones	<i>H. H. F. Jayne</i>
Seen on the Mountain	<i>James Gore King</i>
To My Goddess	<i>Christopher La Farge</i>
A Dream	<i>Alfred Putman</i>
Song for a Ballet	<i>J. B. Wheelwright</i>

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Rebellion: A Prayer *Muriel Babcock*
When One's A-Weary *Louise Noe*

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The Miracle, to H. J. W. *James J. Tennyson*

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At Rest *Carin C. Sundelof*
Amy Lowell *Isabel F. Worth*

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Chanson d'Amour *L. V. Klose*

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Sonnet to Summer *Virginia Bennett*
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MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

The Carol *Frank Mehigan*

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Revery

Gertrude Enid Gessler

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To Memories *Dorothy E. Went*

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND

MECHANIC ARTS

Ode to a Fly

Dorothy Hanson

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Death *Jane Corbett*

Vinctus *Helen L. Hobart*

Forgetting *Helen Jelinek*

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Waking *Mary V. Stephens*

Kalon *Helen B. Tappan*

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Our True Farewell

P. C. Dickey

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Missing *Willa B. Morris*

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God *Gracia M. Bryan*

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Freedom *S. Marie Williams*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

On Seeing People Going To Eight O'clock's
Elizabeth Leitzbach

Bubbles *Catharine Needham*

The Western Front *J. Ray Stear*

The Message *E. Tutcliffe*

Saffron *Roberta Wagner*

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bianca to Aprile *Marion L. Holden*

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Light Love *L. T. Crittenden*
Dawn *Stanley P. Kimmel*
To Alfred Noyes *Esther Turner*

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For My Country *Claire A. Stewart*

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The Chinook Wind *Isabel Perry*

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The Penguin and the Chickadee *Ernest L. Meyer*

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U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Looking Backwards *D. C. Wilkerson*

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VASSAR COLLEGE

To Save God's Time	<i>Julia Coburn</i>
Elia	<i>Mary Woodbridge Herring</i>
To a Child	<i>Ethel C. Litchfield</i>
Song	<i>Leisa Wilson</i>

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Stray Blossoms	<i>Ruth Barber</i>
The Rose	<i>Sara Merrick</i>

WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

In the Cornfield	<i>Elizabeth Dukes</i>
Waiting	<i>Margaret Sears</i>

WHEATON (ILL.) COLLEGE

A Song	<i>Raymond P. Fischer</i>
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WILSON COLLEGE

Poplar Moods	<i>Nita Von Schlieder</i>
When Daddy Comes Whistlin' Home	<i>Ruth Lee Stevens</i>

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